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The Shape of Things

IS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER AS OBSOLETE AS the battleship? That is the billion-dollar question of 1949. Laymen that we are, we do not pretend to know the answer, but the Bikini under-water test and the recent Caribbean war games, taken together, would certainly seem to demonstrate that aircraft and Schnorkel submarines can penetrate naval defenses and destroy or incapacitate the largest surface vessel. If this is so, the interests of strategy and economy are well served by Defense Secretary Louis Johnson's directive last week suspending work on the navy's 65,000-ton super-carrier. Aside from this momentous decision, we can only admire the efforts of the new Secretary to bring about, at long last, a genuine unification of the armed services, or at least their subordination to one central civilian authority. At the same time, Mr. Johnson could hardly have adopted a technique for accomplishing those aims less to the taste of those from whom he must expect cooperation, both in and out of uniform. In calling off construction of the carrier, he bluntly ignored the authorization for that ship just granted by Congress. He acted, moreover, without consulting the Chief of Naval Operations and after only the most perfunctory of discussions with Secretary of the Navy Sullivan, who resigned three days later. With Kenneth C. Royall similarly resigning as Secretary of the Army, Mr. Johnson has made a good start on the Pentagon shake-up he was rumored to have desired, but in the process he has infuriated a great many admirals, generals, administrators, and Congressmen. The public, meanwhile, may extract some pleasure from the discomfiture of the brass, but none of its misgivings on the score of defense expenditures have been answered. What is needed now is a sober Congressional investigation into the National Military Establishment, in which the hard facts of defense requirements, unvarnished by army, navy, and air force publicists, may at last be laid bare.

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MEETING IN LONDON LAST WEEK, THE EIGHT "autonomous equal communities" which form the Commonwealth of Nations—the descriptive adjective "British" has been dropped with the inclusion of Asiatic countries—speedily found a means by which India could keep its place among them. India, about to adopt a republican constitution, could not continue to owe allegiance to the King, hitherto the one formal requirement of Commonwealth membership. At the same time it wanted to maintain existing relationships with other Commonwealth nations, which in turn were anxious not to cut it adrift. Where there is a common will to solve a problem a way can always be found, and in this case the solution proved simple. The government of India affirmed the desire of that country to retain full membership in the Commonwealth and willingness to accept "the King as the symbol of the free association of its independent member nations and, as such, the head of the Commonwealth." The logic of the distinction between the King as titular head and as symbolic head may be a little cloudy, but almost everyone concerned, even Mr. Churchill, appears satisfied. So the Commonwealth of Nations will carry on, a unique example of political cohesion without coercion among peoples with widely differing cultures. It is an association bound by ties of sentiment and interest but by no formal machinery. The members undertake to consult and exchange information on matters of mutual interest, but each is quite free to make its own decisions, even on questions of peace and war.

*

THERE IS, HOWEVER, ONE MATERIAL BOND connecting the nations of the Commonwealth which undoubtedly provided a strong motive for India's continued membership. This is the agreement by which Commonwealth countries charge a preferential tariff on each other's goods—an arrangement which to Americans has always seemed an unfortunate example of economic discrimination. It is a system which has become less defensible with every move from Empire to Commonwealth. Why, it may be asked, should the United States, which has treaties with Commonwealth nations assuring "most-favored-nation" treatment of its commerce, receive in fact less favored treatment than other members of the group, especially when their unity has been reduced to common acceptance of a symbol? There is no very good answer, and one wonders what would be the British reaction if the United States were to test the matter by applying for membership in the Commonwealth on the same terms as India. That, of course, is fantasy: Americans would gag at the Crown even as a symbol. But it is at least conceivable that a country like Uruguay, to which the British market is very important and which suffers from the preference received there by

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Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey

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Foreign Editor J. Alvarez del Vayo — *Literary Editor* Margaret Marshall

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Washington Editor: Thomas Sancton

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Business & Advertising Manager: Hugo Van Arx
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Australian meat and wool, might consider such a step. That would create a somewhat embarrassing problem for the Commonwealth; but it has shown itself to be a very flexible institution, and it might decide that it had a greater future as a universal society than as an exclusive club of former imperial possessions.

*

WHILE WE FAIL TO SHARE THE ANGUISH of Republican leaders over Governor Bowles's political ten-strike, we can appreciate the depth of their feelings. When the Connecticut executive appointed Senator Raymond E. Baldwin to the state Supreme Court, he scored a double triumph. First, he ended all possibility that Baldwin, the Republicans' best vote-getter in the state, might return in 1950 and run against him for the governorship, an office to which Baldwin has been elected three times in the past. At the same time Bowles succeeded in creating a vacancy in the Senate which he will eventually fill with a Democrat, presumably of the New Deal variety. In spite of the circumstance that the appointment was intrinsically a good one, there would seem to have been a touch of the Machiavellian about the move were it not for the simple fact that it could not have been made had not Senator Baldwin been ready, willing, and eager. And that raises an interesting point. Baldwin was persuaded to "throw away the sword," as the New York *Herald Tribune* describes his abandonment of the small clique of liberal Republicans in the Senate. No doubt personal considerations entered into the decision, but he was known to have been politically unhappy as well, discouraged as he was with repeated and futile efforts to buck the tory leadership of his party. It is ironic that his severest critic should be Senator Bridges of New Hampshire, who cannot understand "how any Republican Senator could resign his position of responsibility and trust when it means that he will be succeeded by a New Deal Democrat." It is precisely the Bridgeses who make it impossible for the Baldwins to function within the framework of the Republican Party.

*

ATTORNEY GENERAL CLARK HAS JUST PUT thirty-six more organizations beyond the pale. Except for the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, which the Communists abandoned in a huff, we hold no brief for any of the groups newly branded as "subversive," from the Association of Georgia Klans to the Citizens Committee for Bridges. But we are appalled at the casual way in which this one-man index of forbidden affiliations has come to be accepted by the American people. If the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan never before uttered a political truth in the course of his notorious life, he is nevertheless right when he says "This is purely an arbitrary matter of [Clark's] de-

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partment setting itself up as czar of this country. We have never been tried, we have never been accused and proven guilty of anything." We believe strongly that the Klan *should* be accused and *could* be proved guilty of a great deal, but neither the Klan nor the American Peace Mobilization nor the Nazi Bund should stand officially condemned by the fiat of one man. It should not be condemned even by so distinguished a group of men as the New York State Board of Regents, which may now compile its own subversive list on the basis of any procedure it sees fit, with teachers in the school system subject to loss of livelihood for mere membership in an included organization. The board has served public notice that it will tolerate no witch-hunting in the exercise of this function, and we have no reason to doubt its intentions on this score. But that is irrelevant to the much graver question of how easily we have slipped into the habit of letting public officials—nonelective, at that—serve as investigator, prosecutor, and judge, all ouside the due processes of the law.

✶

NEWS ITEM OF THE WEEK: "SPAIN PROMISED today to investigate a British complaint that six British-sponsored Protestant chapels have been closed by the Spanish government. . . . Spanish officials said they had received a British note and had replied to it that religious freedom is guaranteed in Spain so long as there is no outward sign of such worship. Spain permits open public worship only in the Roman Catholic faith." —*an AP dispatch from Madrid, April 29.*

✶

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY, THAT MOROSE AND narrow apologist for the worst facets of the American Way, has gratuitously announced in his widely syndicated column that he will not go to see a movie, soon to be released, called "Home of the Brave." "These grandiose efforts to prove that there are human beings who are prejudiced against other human beings," he writes, "only [provoke] ill-will. . . . Maybe I am bigoted. . . . Maybe I am an ostrich." Mr. Sokolsky, of course, is right on both counts. "In this picture," he adds, ". . . the heroic character is a Negro and the scoundrel is a white man. Well, suppose . . . the heroic character were the white man and the scoundrel the Negro? It would be the same story." And so on. As a matter of fact, "Home of the Brave," which we have seen in preview, is a brilliant, powerful, and remarkably un-grandiose film whose hero, if it has one, is a white psychiatrist. Arthur Laurents's play of a few seasons back, which dealt with a psychoneurotic victim of anti-Semitism, has been rewritten and improved upon by Carl Foreman, who has turned the Jewish victim into a Negro, courageously leading the film industry into hitherto forbidden territory as well as sharpening the outlines of the psychological problem con-

A Telegram to President Truman

New York, April 28

Dear Mr. President: The undersigned earnestly request an immediate directive by you to put an end to current American maneuvers to have Franco Spain admitted to the United Nations through the back door.

Five times since 1945 at your direction the United States has reaffirmed its condemnation of the Franco regime and its decision that as long as that regime remains in power Spain may not be admitted to the United Nations. In December, 1946, the United States at your directive concurred in the view set forth in a resolution adopted by the General Assembly that "in origin, nature, structure, and general conduct the Franco regime is a fascist regime, patterned on and established largely as a result of aid received from Hitler's Nazi Germany and Mussolini's Fascist Italy."

In conformity with this view, the United Nations, with American support, decided to ban Franco Spain from the subsidiary agencies of the United Nations and called for withdrawal of ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary from Madrid. . . .

Only the most vigorous expression of our hatred of Nazism and Fascism can produce confidence at home and abroad that we mean our professions concerning democracy. . . .

You, Mr. President, are in a position to strengthen the hands of the democratic forces in Spain and throughout the world by denouncing the Franco dictatorship and by giving a firm directive . . . that the 1946 resolution must remain intact.

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cerned. The Negro casualty of war and peace in "Home of the Brave" is unable to walk or remember his past until the psychiatrist, applying the technique known as "narcosynthesis," unpeels the layers of fear and hatred that have been imposed upon the soldier by an equally sick society. The movie ends when Peter Moss arises from his hospital bed to walk like a man. If similar therapy could be extended to the George Sokolskys of this world there might be fewer bigots and ostriches writing in the public prints.

Last Chance for Peace

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ANY day now, possibly before these words are read, the Berlin blockade may have been raised and the air lift grounded. Millions will breathe freely for the first time in months, aware that an immense hazard to a fragile peace has ended. The Russian offer, for once free from crippling conditions, has been greeted in the West as proof that toughness, embodied in the air lift, the erection of a West German state, and the Atlantic alliance, is now beginning to pay off. But newspaper comment tends to ignore its own earlier line: that Stalin's peace overtures, including the last one from which present negotiations stem, were only propaganda maneuvers aimed at deceiving innocent Americans. More cautious and informed opinion held that Stalin's suggestion in his I. N. S. interview, coupled with the recent shake-up in the Soviet Foreign Office and other key ministries, presaged a shift of direction probably initiated by a concrete proposal, such as has now been made.

Whether the get-tough policy is to be credited with forcing Stalin's hand can be argued. Perhaps the safest explanation at this stage is a negative one. Russia does not want war: it realizes that the possibility of pushing its influence and ideas westward has been halted for the time being; it has nothing to gain and much to lose by further provocation; a genuine retreat may check the development of a West German state and even slow up or modify plans for an armed, coordinated Europe under American patronage. If this describes Russia's general motivation, one can agree that the lifting of the blockade was indeed an admission of failure, but was a shrewd maneuver at the same time, leaving several good cards in Stalin's hand. The Allies have won a tactical victory, but it forced them to a showdown on Germany before they were ready for it—and that is a victory for Russia. None the less, people who prefer peace to war and negotiation to deadlock will be glad to have the next moves take place around a table and not in the air over Berlin.

When the Foreign Ministers meet, the odds will be about even. Western prestige will be somewhat higher than Russian, but no one who has carefully read recent dispatches from Germany will believe that the laurels won by the air lift will provide much of a resting place. The danger is that each side will try to augment its strength by currying favor with the Germans, and in this game the Russians may be able to outbid the West. Already they have the advantage of a consistent stand against the division of the country and in favor of a strong central government. The Allies, on the other hand, in haste to set up the new state in the west, forced German politicians to make perilous choices; within the last few days various West German leaders, including Dr. Schumacher, head of the Social Democratic Party, have made it plain that they are less interested in the creation of a tri-zonal government than in putting their ideas about Germany as a whole before the coming meeting of the Big Four.

To counter this inevitable reaction, Secretary Acheson has promised that any four-power agreement for Germany would safeguard the freedoms and other advantages already secured to the western area. What the United States seems to want is an over-all government on a federal plan, using the Occupation Statute and the Bonn constitution, if the latter is finally approved, as scale models for the larger structure. But if a central government of this design or any other is in the offing, it is asking a lot of the German leaders to expect them to hurry into existence a separate western state. Politicians don't act that way anywhere, least of all in a hate-ridden, defeated, occupied country like Germany.

According to Drew Middleton, writing in the New York *Times*, the Russians on their side have drawn up a draft peace treaty to be submitted to the expected meeting of the Foreign Ministers as the basis for a general settlement with Germany. Its terms are still a matter of rumor, but it is supposed to call for the creation of a centralized government along the lines laid down in the Weimar constitution and for complete withdrawal of occupation forces. Such a treaty, one may assume, would appeal to plenty of Germans who are not Communists.

Against this, the Allied powers have their superior economic strength: western Germany is prospering with American aid and a stable currency, while eastern Germany is exploited and relatively stagnant. But, again, Russia's position will be immensely strengthened by unification and an end of the cold war, for Germany is a natural source of manufactured goods that Russia badly needs, and a restoration of trade will greatly reduce Germany's dependence on the West. Nor is it unlikely that Russia, through negotiations known to be under way with Germans of various parties, has already

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reached certain tentative agreements for long-range economic and other relationships.

Indeed, the dangerous, possibly fatal, element in the coming negotiations is this reckless competition for Germany's favors between Russia and the West. We saw it work in London before the 1947 Foreign Ministers' conference collapsed, and it has been a factor ever since. It would be bad enough under any circumstances; it is doubly bad now when German power is rising and important political and industrial posts have come into the hands of reactionaries and neo-Nazis—as well as old ones—whose single purpose is to restore both their own dominance and that of Germany. Nationalists have been encouraged in every zone, including the Russian. Even among the moderate parties the pressure of occupation and the threat of a divided country have brought to the top men and factions who are prepared to fight for a powerful, unified Germany. Whatever balance might have been provided by a democratic labor movement and Socialist party has been destroyed by the stupid failure of the Western authorities to foster such elements and by the more forthright Russian policy of driving them into Communist-controlled organizations or suppressing them. The Social Democratic Party in the West is numerically strong, but American opposition to the whole Socialist program and American support of the right have robbed the party of its value as a "third force" and encouraged its more nationalistic impulses.

When to this catalogue of errors is added the underlying conflict between Russia and the West which has made hash of the agreements reached at Yalta and Potsdam, the prospect of a decent settlement cannot be called bright. Perhaps, paradoxically, the best hope lies in the extreme danger of the situation. At a moment of common peril, compromises may be found that would have been rejected as against national interest a little while before. It will be a gain if the powers are able to submerge their differences enough to lay the basis for a treaty and the withdrawal of most of the occupation forces. This would at least make possible a relaxation of tension and a chance to find ways of overcoming—or stabilizing—basic disagreements about Germany's future. In the end, the question whether Germany is to be a menace or a source of stability in Europe will be answered, not by the structure of the state, but by the forces that control it, inside and outside the country. And that, in turn, will depend upon the willingness of the two major powers to stop playing politics with German nationalism.

Line-up on Taft-Hartley

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington, April 29

THE Administration's labor bill and the Atlantic Pact—the paramount issues in the Eighty-first Congress in the domestic and foreign fields—were simultaneously "in the works" this week, and the discussion of both measures brought out some significant facts about the forces which are still dominant in American politics. In the complex floor fight in the House over revision of the Taft-Hartley act the chief opponents were a Pennsylvania banker who in language and ideas was in the tradition of Alexander Hamilton and a prairie lawyer with the factual experience and coarse-grained humor of an Abe Lincoln. At the open hearings on the Atlantic Pact before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Secretary of State Acheson, heading a quartet of department experts in pin-striped suits as uniform as those worn in a vaudeville act, began the arduous and prolonged argument which will be necessary before the pact is accepted by the Senate. It was perhaps the busiest week to date for Congress, and many other important speakers took part in the proceedings, but it was the banker, the lawyer, and the department chief who sounded the most characteristic notes.

Under contemporary labels, proponents of the pro-labor philosophy of the early New Deal and of the post-New Deal reaction are fighting it out over the Lesinski bill and the Wood amendment. By the time this article appears, the vote in the House will be known, and the issue will have moved to the Senate, where Taft himself can wheel up the heaviest artillery of his party. The general effect of the Lesinski bill, the Truman Administration's measure, would be to abolish the Taft-Hartley act and replace it with the Wagner act, as the President promised to do in his campaign speeches. The Wood amendment in effect would preserve the Taft-Hartley act under a new name, strengthening four of its anti-labor provisions and relaxing three.

The name of a Southern Democrat, Representative Wood of Georgia, has been affixed to what is actually a Republican bill because the outcome turns on whether a sufficient number of anti-labor Southern Democrats desert the Administration bill. The functioning of the coalition could hardly be more obvious than it was in this week's debate. Representative Howard Smith of Virginia and Representative Barden of North Carolina, rising to speak from the Democratic side of the aisle, casually

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asked for and received extensions of speaking time from their true colleagues on the Republican side. Among the Republicans the defense of the Taft-Hartley law was managed by Representative Sam McConnell, a Pennsylvania investment banker. The argument of the coalition could be fairly summed up—so far as its reference to elective processes went, which was not very far—as the contention that the Republican victory of 1946 constituted a mandate to repeal the Wagner act but the Democratic victory of 1948 was not a mandate to repeal the Taft-Hartley act. It was claimed that Taft-Hartley protected honest workmen and labor leaders, increased the membership and strength of unions, and was good for the country irrespective of the people's verdict in the 1948 election.

Administration speakers recalled how the bill was railroaded through the Eightieth Congress—this in reply to Republican charges about the methods being used to put through the Lesinski measure—and raked over the old evidence that counsel for the Chrysler Corporation and other big-business interests participated directly in drafting the bill. Representative Kennedy, of Massachusetts, showed up effectively in this debate. An editorial which he introduced from the December 18 issue of the conservative magazine *Business Week* admirably presented the gist of the controversy:

> Given a few million unemployed in America, given an Administration in Washington that was not pro-union, and the Taft-Hartley act conceivably could wreck the labor movement. These are the provisions that could do it: (1) picketing can be restrained by injunction; (2) employers can petition for a collective-bargaining election; (3) strikers can be held ineligible to vote while the strike replacements cast the only ballots; and (4) if the outcome of this is a non-union vote, the government must certify and enforce it. Any time there is a surplus labor pool from which an employer can hire at least token strike replacements, these four provisions linked together can destroy a union.

The outstanding speech thus far has been made by Representative Andrew Jacobs of Indianapolis, a rough-hewn operator who also has to his credit a maneuver which defeated Representative Rankin's hundred-billion-dollar pension bill. Alleged resemblances to Lincoln are often insubstantial, but Jacobs, now forty-two, does have some of the qualities that Lincoln must have had at his age. His mordant, coarse humor has made him a favorite even among the conservatives in the press galleries. His face is massive and unsmiling, his clothes plain; some one has remarked that when he walks up to the microphone in the well of the House, "he looks like a brakeman off the Wabash Cannonball."

With a background as a labor lawyer, Jacobs knows the Wagner and Taft-Hartley provisions by title and section. His special adversary in the hearings before the Labor and Rules committees, where he has been fighting the coalition for months, has been Representative Smith of Virginia, who also knows the bills.

Speaking extemporaneously, Jacobs ably analyzed basic questions in the pending legislation, such as the peculiar treatment of common-law rules of evidence provided for in Taft-Hartley. But to show the special quality that renders him so effective I am going to quote a digression he made when the name of Fulton Lewis, Jr., came into the debate.

> In my district I was elected despite the press, for one newspaper often would not publish anything that I had to say; and when I called them about that, their answer was that they had a shortage of newsprint. Then I began to check things up to see what they did with their newsprint, and I found that they gave the Republican candidates enough newsprint to equal a double Indian blanket; I checked again, and found patent-medicine ads running a close second; then I checked again, and I found that reports on obscure people from faraway places who were switching to Calvert came in a close third. So it was quite interesting to me after Fulton Lewis, Jr., decided to take my hide off that a friend of mine came up with a full sheet from *Esquire* magazine, whose mailing rights were somewhat questionable here a while back because of obscenity,* with a full-page picture of Fulton Lewis announcing in that publication the glad tidings that he himself had switched to Calvert. [Jacobs held up the advertisement.] I suggest two more switches for Fulton: first, that he switch to drinking water to avoid the fumbling effects of his broadcasts and to further avoid eating old crow; second, that he switch to truth serum for obvious reasons.

Concerning Dean Acheson's presentation of the Atlantic Pact before Vandenberg, Connally, *et al.*, I can sum up my own impressions as follows: Secretary Acheson made a brilliant and capable defense, adroitly but not dishonestly adapted for the Senate, but all the brilliance in the world cannot obscure the fact that the treaty is crude power politics, partly a response to and partly a challenge to the crude power politics of Russia. To see Dean Acheson—attended by his suave assistant, Chip Bohlen, and others of the pin-striped contingent—defend this pact as the vital, living symbol of democracy raises doubts about its eventual development and influence, even though it may lead to an immediate strategic advantage. There was a striking contrast between the blunt, driving language of Jacobs, Kennedy, Helen Douglas, and others in the labor debate and the suave platitudinous expression of ideas at the pact hearing. One could not help wondering how the State Department's high-flown arguments would fare in a rough-and-tumble debate on the floor of the House.

*The charge was not obscenity, and *Esquire* was cleared by the courts.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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Del Vayo—The Great Event

Lake Success, April 30

THE Great Event finally happened, and jarred the Assembly out of its routine. A dispatch from the Tass Agency gave official confirmation to the persistent rumors that the blockade of Berlin was soon to be lifted and a meeting of the four Foreign Ministers called. Most of the delegations received the news with relief and joy. I cannot deny that I myself got considerable pleasure from having my predictions so well borne out; for months I had been saying in this magazine that a rapprochement between the Soviet Union and the United States was bound to take place.

The confidence with which I stuck to my belief was based on two things. I knew that the only choice was between peace and war: the cold war was such an unnatural state of affairs that it could not be prolonged indefinitely. A month ago, when the noted English historian Arnold Toynbee, speaking at a New York *Herald Tribune* Book and Author luncheon, said that the cold war might last ten years or longer, I wondered once more at the limitations of intellectuals when they venture into the field of politics. The cold war could not go on; it had to turn into peace or war.

The second reason why I awaited with entire assurance some such announcement as has just been made was my certainty that Russia did not want war. My visit to Moscow in 1946 changed my rational anticipation of a future settlement into a conviction buttressed with actual proofs.

Rejoicing over this first long step toward reconciliation is heightened by the fact that it was taken within the framework of the United Nations. It is as representatives of their countries in the international organization that Mr. Malik and Mr. Jessup have been negotiating. Enthusiasts for the Atlantic Pact, though they proclaim their loyalty to the U. N., have fostered the notion that its sessions were becoming mere debating societies, with little influence on world events, a less amiable Rotary Club meeting. But the first real hope for peace was born at Lake Success.

I am not such an abandoned optimist as to imagine that the lifting of the Berlin blockade and the convocation of the Foreign Ministers will settle everything. The road to an accord, especially on the subject of Germany, may prove to be long and stony. The first difficulty will stem from the habit of intrigue developed in the conquered Germans by the divisions among the victors; for years now the Germans have been encouraged to consider their favor the chief stake in the game of post-war power politics. When the atmosphere clears and better relations are established between Russia and the Western Allies, it will become plain that the greatest error committed since 1946 was to allow such a situation to arise.

President Truman rendered a service to the cause of peace when he promptly expressed his confidence that the Russians were acting in good faith; we still hear too many voices denouncing the Russian move as a trick. Certain commentators, I suppose, must be permitted the pleasure of insisting that the only course open to the Soviet Union was "capitulation." In my last article I said, rather ironically, that recent events in China might be regarded as a counterbalance for the setback suffered by the Russians in Berlin. But the failure of the blockade can hardly be put in the same scale as developments in China. Future historians will devote hundreds of pages to the Chinese revolution while sparing but a few lines for recent events in Berlin.

The fate of Israel and Spain remains uncertain. Everybody has been watching the American delegation for some hint of what to expect. The admission of Israel to the United Nations has been tossed from pillar to post. When the Steering Committee of the Assembly shifted it from the overburdened Political Committee to the Ad Hoc Committee, the chance of early action seemed improved. But the forces which want to keep the question in suspense have been more aggressive than those interested in obtaining Israel's admission.

The United States delegation is still ostensibly favorable to Israel, but without the enthusiasm, the determination to translate theoretical support into effective practice, that would influence other countries. Some Latin American delegations have been greatly interested in the conversation between the President of Israel and Cardinal Spellman; their attitude will depend largely on the Vatican's reaction to the disposition of the Holy Places. Delegations not involved in the complicated maneuvers to delay the admission of Israel have given great praise to the conciliatory spirit displayed by Dr. Weizmann in his last major speech—delivered at the dinner tendered to him at the Waldorf.

As for Spain, the telegram sent to President Truman, on the initiative of the Nation Associates, by a representative group of American liberals and labor leaders was viewed at Lake Success as proof of growing opposition to the Assembly's taking any action favorable to Franco. Another impressive indication was the cable sent to Truman, Attlee, Evatt, and others by the anti-Communist peace rally in Paris. Nor will the pro-Franco forces in the Assembly be aided by reports from Spain that intensified resistance to the fascist dictatorship has been met by sharper police terrorism, or by the revelations in the House of Commons by Foreign Secretary Bevin himself concerning the persecution of Protestant churches in Spain.

Lacking sufficient votes to obtain the annulment of the 1946 resolution, the friends of the Spanish dictator place all their hopes on a flanking operation which will gain Spain's admission to the U. N.'s specialized agencies. In the coming days great vigilance must be exercised to prevent this, so that nothing will impair the good impression created by the fortunate outcome of the Russian-American conversations on Berlin.

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Can Tito Survive?

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

II. Plots and Counterplots

Belgrade, April

HOW, if at all, can the Soviet Union prevent Yugoslavia from "turning to the West," even while it remains nominally Russia's ally? The simplest way would be to make peace with Tito. But is that still possible? The quarrel has surely gone very far. Short of violence, the Russians have tried every possible way of undermining the "Tito clique." The Cominform resolution openly called on all good Communists to throw Tito out. It failed. So did the attempts to start a "palace revolution." When I was in Bulgaria recently, Bulgarian Communists expressed great moral indignation. "If Tito hasn't been turned out yet," they said, "it's because Yugoslavia has been turned into a police state." Tito does, indeed, know all the tricks; and when it comes to foiling anti-government conspiracies, Rankovic's police can handle the job as well as anybody. "Hangman Rankovic," the Cominform paper has invariably called him ever since he was quick enough to get General Arso Jovanovic shot before he escaped to Rumania to set up a "Free Yugoslav Committee."

After various maneuvers to divide the nation, the party, and the army had failed, *Pravda* dropped a broad hint that if Tito would only turn Rankovic out, peace between Belgrade and Moscow might still be possible. Tito did not fall for the offer, which amounted to an effort to split the leadership. Instead, he saw to it that party congresses were called in every district and that all the Communist leaders publicly committed themselves to support him against the Cominform. Far from allowing any splits to develop in the party, he demonstrated its "monolithic unity." If there were any doubtful characters in the Montenegrin or Bosnian government, they were unobtrusively sacked. In the Belgrade administration, too, quite a number of "Cominformists" or suspected "Cominformists" were eliminated, some simply put in jail. It was unfortunate, from the point of view of efficiency, if experienced men had to be replaced by boys from the Tito Youth, but it couldn't be helped.

Rumors of recent arrests in the secret police have been circulated to suggest that if there is trouble in Rankovic's domain, then the game must really be up for Tito, but they are apparently simply part of the war of nerves. Another theory, put forward by some Western diplomats here, is that sooner or later there may be a rebellion against Tito inside the army, which without proper arms from Russia or Czechoslovakia is fit for little more than guerrilla warfare. The Yugoslav army, however—at any rate, the officer corps—probably does not want to be armed if it has to be also *bossed* by the Russian General Staff. General Arso Jovanovic was willing to accept this condition, but there is little evidence that he had many followers among his brother officers.

FROM Moscow's point of view, the question of the Yugoslav army is a vital one. In the correspondence between Moscow and Belgrade that preceded the Cominform resolution one fact stuck out a mile—that the Yugoslavs resented Russian attempts to meddle with their army and objected to the presence of Russian military "advisers" in Belgrade. Strategically Yugoslavia is important to the Eastern bloc; the Croatian plain would be the shortest route into Hungary for any Western invading army, and there would be no Russian troops there to stop it, as there would be in Austria. The Yugoslav army as at present organized could not put up much of a fight against a modern Anglo-American army. Russia, therefore, is interested, to put it mildly, in turning the Yugoslav army into a standardized part of the Red Army closely controlled by the Soviet General Staff. But Tito will not hear of it. If it came to war, the Yugoslav army would probably avoid a repetition of the humiliating experience of April, 1941, and simply take to the hills, offering to any invader only a token resistance in the open plains of Croatia and northern Serbia. This is one of the fundamental reasons why the Russians would like to see Tito replaced by a more reliable military ally.

In his December speech Tito gave as the "real" reason for the Cominform resolution his unwillingness to submit to the Russian demand that Yugoslavia should "wait its turn" and not start industrializing until Poland and Czechoslovakia had completed their Five-Year Plans; in the meantime Yugoslavia was to supply Eastern Europe with food and raw materials. When one considers the loud praise that Yugoslavia's industrial efforts had received from the Russians, including Professor Yudin of the Cominform, until three months before the resolution, one doubts that the dispute was as simple as that, but there was certainly much disagreement about "tempos." Tito's contention that the Russians wanted to

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ALEXANDER WERTH, formerly The Nation's *correspondent in Moscow, is now covering the other countries of Eastern Europe. Part I of this article, The War of Nerves, appeared two weeks ago.*

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treat potentially wealthy Yugoslavia as a poor relation, and almost as a colony, was a good propaganda line for home consumption, and he made it all the more effective by sneering at Bulgaria, which with Moscow's blessing was now starting on its Five-Year Plan without iron ore, steel, oil, electric power, or machinery.

WHAT, then, can Moscow do to get rid of Tito? A "palace revolution"—to put it more crudely, assassination—can never be absolutely excluded, but Tito is certainly taking every precaution, not only to protect his own life, but also to train at least three possible successors—Rankovic, Djilas, and Kardelj. Whether the Tito regime would fall with Tito's death is not absolutely certain. It might, but it might not.

The Russians hoped that Yugoslavia would collapse economically, and to that end imposed economic sanctions. The Soviet Union cut down its own trade with Yugoslavia to one-eighth its former volume; Poland cut its trade to one-third; Hungary, Albania, and Rumania practically stopped trading with Yugoslavia altogether; Czechoslovakia, though continuing commercial relations, is constantly being charged with "sabotaging" Yugoslavia's Five-Year Plan. For example, by failing to deliver 75 per cent of the automobile parts promised, the Czechs brought the Yugoslav truck industry to a standstill. Now the Yugoslavs claim that they will manage without the Czechs and make all the parts themselves or get them from the West. The West, indeed, is expected to make the Yugoslav Five-Year Plan a success. There is even talk of thousands of Yugoslav apprentices going to England for training. This is, obviously, a very important matter for the Yugoslavs, who are desperately short of trained technicians and skilled labor.

The collapse of the Five-Year Plan would totally discredit the Tito regime, and then of course anything might happen. But if with the help of the West the plan can be at least partially carried out, and if, moreover, trade with the West means at least a slight increase in consumer goods, Tito's position will be strengthened—and without much loss of face even among his Communist supporters.

If the Russians cannot "get Tito" through fomenting dissension among the Yugoslav Communists or through bringing about an economic collapse, there is still one possible way for them to cause trouble. Although Tito has been more successful than Yugoslavia's other rulers in settling the nationalities problem, it would be absurd to assume that the nation is solidly united. Relations between Serbs and Croats are still far from loving. The Croats, however, can hardly be used by the Russians since they love the Cominform even less.

Macedonia is clearly the place where the Russians would try to disrupt the national unity of Yugoslavia if they wished to do so. Lazar Kolishevsky, the Premier of Yugoslav Macedonia, is a staunch Titoite, but the same thing cannot be said of all Macedonian Communists. The whole history of the Macedonian Communist Party is a patchwork of deviations, and Skoplje, which by virtue of Tito's nationalities policy is ruled entirely by Macedonian officials, seethes with the most incredibly mixed loyalties. The people have every reason to be grateful to Tito, but many were born in Bulgaria and feel a much closer affinity with Bulgaria than with Serbia; others have the "partition" of Macedonia on the brain and consider the present arrangement only a temporary one. From Greece and Bulgaria come siren voices promising a Greater Macedonia with Salonika as its capital. After Moshe Pijade denounced the scheme in the Belgrade press, the Greek Communist Party denied that such an offer had ever been made and insisted there could be no question of surrendering Salonika, but the idea of a Greater Communist Macedonia, with or without Salonika, must be making headway in Skoplje.

Seligson

Vice-Premier Kardelj

Since Tito will not envisage a Balkan federation on the lines proposed by Dimitrov, many Yugoslav Macedonian Communists feel that the only way in which Yugoslav and Pirin, or Bulgarian, Macedonia can be united is for the former to "break away from Belgrade." If "Aegean," or Greek, Macedonia also comes in, so much the better. A union of Yugoslav and Pirin Macedonia under Bulgarian-Russian protection would be a good beginning anyway. All these schemes appear to enjoy the support of the Greek Communist leaders Zachariadis and Joannides, and it is just conceivable that before the year is out we may see some sort of "center of resistance" to Belgrade being set up in Macedonia, which might become the rallying point not only for the Greater Macedonia "autonomists" but also for all pro-Cominform elements in Yugoslavia.

It is a dangerous game for the Cominform to play, for it might involve Russia in all sorts of international complications, especially if in the meantime the Greek Communists lost the war, as Athens is now confidently predicting. Already, in anticipation of this, there is some talk among diplomats in Belgrade of a modus vivendi being arranged.

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The Machinery of Peace

BY HERBERT V. EVATT

[*The following article is an abridged version of the speech delivered by Dr. Evatt, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations and Deputy Prime Minister of Australia, at the dinner forum of the Nation Associates on April 7. The subject before the forum was "Peace: How Can It Be Achieved?"*]

IN ORDER to achieve peace, two things are needed —principles of policy and machinery for action. Both are supplied by the Charter of the United Nations. This great document is a code of international conduct and also establishes an organization which enables its member nations to work together for peace, justice, and higher standards of welfare for all peoples.

The Charter goes beyond mere affirmation of principles. It contains specific and binding pledges by each member not to use force or threat of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state or in any other manner inconsistent with the purposes of the United Nations; and to settle their international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and justice are not threatened.

In addition to these pledges, specific machinery is established by the Charter: the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, and the International Court of Justice. Finally, there is the General Assembly, which I regard as the main organ of the United Nations.

I should like now to illustrate the working of the United Nations by showing how it handled the highly complex problem of Palestine.

When the United Kingdom brought the question of the future government of Palestine before the United Nations in April, 1947, many people were afraid to touch it. They thought it was insoluble. Yet the Palestine problem did not break the United Nations; the United Nations broke the Palestine problem.

The first step was the calling of a special session of the General Assembly in April 1947. It appointed a Special Committee on Palestine (UNSCOP) to investigate the facts and report to the regular session of the Assembly later in the year. This committee went to Palestine, studied the situation on the spot, and sought the views of all interested parties. Therefore, when the Assembly met again in September of that year, it was in a position to apply the principles of the Charter to the problem after the facts had been established.

The Assembly in September established an ad hoc committee on Palestine, consisting of a representative of every one of the fifty-seven nations which at that time composed the organization. I had the honor and very great responsibility of being chosen chairman of the committee.

At my suggestion the following procedure was adopted: First there was a general debate in which every member was free to express his views without restriction. In addition the Arab Higher Committee and the Jewish Agency were invited to participate on an equal footing.

The next stage was to get concrete proposals before the committee. It had by this time become clear that there were two main schools of thought: one that there should be partition of Palestine and the establishment of a Jewish state, and the other that there should be a unitary state for Palestine.

I therefore appointed three subcommittees. The first consisted of supporters of partition and the second of supporters of a unitary state. It was their task to prepare plans for the respective solutions favored by them, so that the committee would have concrete proposals on which to vote. A third subcommittee, consisting of myself as chairman and of the vice-chairman and rapporteur of the committee, tried to reconcile the opposing views. As soon as the committee reports were before us, I made it quite clear that the United Nations could not shirk a decision if it was to discharge its responsibilities and maintain its position as the great international organ for peace and progress.

I need not elaborate the attempts of some to introduce considerations outside the scope of the Charter, such as the claims of power politics or the promptings of prejudice. One consideration that threatened to influence some representatives was that the Assembly has no power to enforce its decisions. This argument always seemed to me to be completely fallacious. It was our function to find a just solution, and we had the right to assume that members of the organization would loyally observe that decision. If we had attempted to bargain in response to threats, we would have been back in the bad old days of every country or group for itself, and we would have weakened and even abandoned the United Nations and its principles.

The ad hoc committee's recommendation was adopted by the Assembly on November 29, 1947, with the necessary two-thirds' majority, after some delays in which great pressure was brought upon delegates to dodge the issue. It is to the credit of the Assembly that it put aside all considerations extraneous to the Charter and came out with a clear-cut, just, and practicable decision.

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Even before the mandate ended, there were attempts to reverse the Assembly's decision. A special session of the General Assembly was called in April, 1948. The United States of America, which had played a big part in securing the resolution of November, 1947, suddenly reversed itself and came out in favor of a trusteeship which would have indefinitely sidetracked the November resolution. But the Assembly remained firm to its previous decision, and only made some changes in the machinery for helping to bring it about.

In accordance with time-table, the British withdrew from Palestine after having discharged a heavy and difficult burden for thirty years. In my judgment it would be most unjust to allow the temporary bitterness that accompanied the change-over to detract from the initiative of British leaders in establishing a Jewish national home or from the constructive and humanitarian work which was performed by the British administration in the difficult days of the mandate.

On the laying down of the mandate, the new state of Israel came into existence, finding its legal basis in the decision of the General Assembly. Several Arab states strongly opposed the new state, and took up arms in an endeavor to upset the determination of the Assembly. The Security Council therefore arranged a series of truces through the noble work of Count Bernadotte and his successor, Dr. Ralph Bunche.

Another step forward is about to be taken with the proposed admission of Israel to membership in the United Nations. This has been recommended by the Security Council and will, I feel certain, be approved by the Assembly by a big majority.

The solution of Palestinian government is not yet complete. Practical difficulties remain; some vital points have still to be settled, including putting into effect the principle of the international status of Jerusalem. Again, the just resettlement and rehabilitation of Jewish and Arab refugees in the Middle East must be accomplished. The solution of their problem is possible with the cooperation of the states concerned and with United Nations sponsorship.

There is now a real basis for hope that the Arabs and Jews can live together in peace in this important region and cooperate for their mutual economic and social advancement and for that of the whole Middle Eastern region.

The plain fact is that only the United Nations could have faced this problem and have prevented very heavy bloodshed. The United Nations has emerged with the highest credit from this exacting test.

War in Three Speeds

BY LAWRENCE C. GOLDSMITH

NOT since the advent of the "new look" have there been such confusion, doubt, and mistrust in the minds of American consumers as have been provoked by the current war between the two chief producers of phonograph records—RCA-Victor and Columbia. Record collectors are now in the unhappy position of having to decide which of three types of records to buy—each revolving at its own speed and requiring its own playing equipment. Collectors' heads also are spinning in their efforts to find the right answer.

At least one manufacturer, Paul Pruner of Allegro Records, has appealed to the Department of Commerce to intervene between the two giants. RCA-Victor denies there is any war. Columbia admits its existence but says Columbia did not start it. President Frank Folsom of RCA-Victor says his company is merely doing "a normal competitive job that people do every day in business." War or normal competition, the stakes involved are huge. Between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 records are sold a year, their wholesale value amounting to $86,000,000 in 1947 and $68,000,000 in 1948. To push sales RCA spent about $2,000,000 on advertising in 1948, Columbia about $1,500,000.

There is no doubt that this advertising is giving a much-needed lift to business, which fell off 40 per cent last year from 1947. But keen as the competition is, it is not the sort that gives the customer a break. Howard Taubman, in an article in the New York *Times*, said that it was "as though he were being offered new models of automobiles built by competing manufacturers with each model requiring an entirely different kind of highway."

The war started last May when Columbia introduced its 10-inch and 12-inch LP (long-playing) records to the industry. Made of vinylite plastic instead of the standard shellac, pressed into narrow "microgrooves," and turning at 33⅓ revolutions per minute, the established speed for professional radio-station turntables, these can play for as long as twenty-five minutes without a break. With LP records and a good record-changer a listener can enjoy four hours of music without touching his machine. And since the narrow grooves make it possible to put so much on one record, the LP's represent

LAWRENCE C. GOLDSMITH is a free-lance writer in New York.

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a 63 per cent saving of cost over the standard 78-rpm discs, despite the fact that vinylite is a more expensive material than shellac. A final advantage is that vinylite is "unbreakable."

Columbia, which does not make players, offered to share the techniques of its new product on a royalty basis with all members of the industry, including RCA-Victor. Most leading manufacturers of players accepted the offer, announcing plans for either players or adaptors, and several manufacturers of records started producing the new slow-turning LP's. RCA-Victor declined, and has made no provision for 33⅓-rpm discs in its record-making or set-making. The first adaptor for the new records, made by Philco, was finished in July. In September the Columbia LP's went on sale.

ALL last fall there were rumors that RCA-Victor was preparing an answer. This answer was revealed to dealers in January and made available to the public on March 31. It was a "revolutionary" light-weight, quick-changing, compact record-player designed exclusively for 6⅞-inch vinylite narrow-groove records playing at the unique rate of 45 revolutions per minute. The record collector, barely accustomed to a second speed, was now being offered a third speed. Another feature of the new RCA-Victor player is that the record-changing apparatus is housed in a cylinder at the center of the record, an innovation which requires discs with a hole in the center 1½ inches in diameter. *Consumers Reports* for February declares that "RCA-Victor could hardly have produced a record less suited to existing phonograph equipment."

The new RCA-Victor 45's have virtually the same advantages as the 33⅓'s—compactness, durability, cost saving. The 6⅞-inch records play no longer than the five-minute top usual before the war, but there is no technical reason why 45's could not also be put out in 10-inch and 12-inch sizes for longer playing. Were the 45's not such late comers and a third speed on the market, there would be no question of their contribution to the collector's pleasure. RCA-Victor states that it is not interested in the long-playing-record market. Seventy-five per cent of the country's 16,000,000 set owners, it has found, buy short-length popular music; only 5 per cent of those who buy the longer classical music care very much about having it uninterrupted as on the LP's. It was to please 95 per cent of the consumers that RCA-Victor offered its new 6⅞-inch 45's.

This position was somewhat shaken by Columbia's ungentlemanly action in announcing a 7-inch 33⅓-rpm record just one day before RCA-Victor unveiled its new sets and records to the trade. Consumers who had bought equipment for the 33⅓'s could now get both long classical pieces and short popular selections on narrow-groove discs, but those converting to 45's could not. For long classics they would have to fall back on the old expensive 78's, which all companies promise to continue in production.

It has been charged that some distortion can be heard on a small 33⅓-rpm record which is not noticed on the same size 45. (This charge is not made against the larger 33⅓ LP's.) Conclusive tests have not been completed, but it is safe to say that this distortion is not perceptible to the average listener. Moreover, minor distortion in a jazz record is less disastrous than in the more fragile nuances of symphonies, at least in the opinion of some lovers of the classics. *Consumers Union*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and other disinterested testers have come to the tentative conclusion that the tone qualities of narrow-groove vinylites are as good as those of ordinary old-type records if not better.

The question, then, is not whether Tweedledee is better than Tweedledum or whether both are better than their predecessors, but why Tweedledee and Tweedledum didn't get together. The most credible guess in the trade as to why RCA-Victor did not avoid war by accepting Columbia's offer and bringing out 33⅓'s is that it felt it could not afford to be the tail to Columbia's kite. It could not allow the company that had snatched away Jack Benny (Columbia is owned by CBS) to steal another march on it. RCA-Victor's own explanation is that its engineers had been working on a new record-and-player system since 1938, when the company launched Project X, later glamorized into Madame X. It introduced a 33⅓-rpm disc and player in 1938 but withdrew them later as failures. "True," retorts Columbia, in effect, "but everything was at fault *except* the speed."

COLLECTORS feel that in any case the present chaos should have been avoided. They are confronted with the necessity of spending from $10 to $40 or more for jerry-built attachments which will enable them to listen to a single one of the new-type discs. To hear both they will probably have to spend considerably more. A three-way machine has been produced, but so recently that its satisfactoriness has not been proved. Of course, a collector may decide to sit out the war, in which case he will continue to buy the old shellac 78-rpm's. He should then consider these facts:

Both RCA-Victor and Columbia have been forced to allow dealers to slash prices up to 50 per cent on most shellac records. Other makers have had to do the same. It may be a good time to go on a buying spree. On the other hand, shellac discs may ultimately become obsolete, being both breakable and more expensive than the narrow-groove vinylite records, and in addition made of a material in uncertain supply. Synthetic shellacs are inferior to the genuine, and a British trust controls the one big source of supply of the genuine, in India. If shellac records should be discontinued in the future, despite present promises, and if the record war should continue,

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the consumer would be compelled to equip himself for both new systems or resign himself to not hearing certain artists—RCA-Victor's or Columbia's.

Columbia has the advantage of being first on the market and of using a speed to which motor-makers are accustomed. RCA-Victor controls 40 per cent of all talent—far more than any other company—and wields the most power among manufacturers, distributors, and dealers. It can also spend more money selling the public its side of the story. Both companies pay lip service to standardization of speeds. "But standardization on whose terms?" James W. Murray, vice-president of RCA-Victor asks in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Columbia's attitude could probably be expressed in the identical words.

After World War I Edison and Victor, then the biggest disc-makers, also manufactured products usable only with different equipment. In one system the phonograph needle oscillated vertically, in the other horizontally. The harassed collector who refused to compromise had to own two players. Eventually the Edison company dropped out of the market. The present war, however it is settled, will leave many casualties, and chief among them will be the man in the easy chair who likes to command his Beethoven or Sinatra at a flick of his finger.

The Appeasers in the Kremlin

BY RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

[*The following is part of a long letter I might have received from a friend in Moscow who is confidential secretary to a candidate-member of the Politburo. To protect her and several other people I have taken the liberty, which is the current vogue when writing realistically about Russia, of changing a few of the names.—R. E. L.*]

Moscow, April 15

DEAR RICHARD: Thank you so much for sending back with Dmitri the clippings from the American press about the Cultural Peace Conference as well as the editorials about my country. Immediately I made a digest of them for Ivan, my "boss" as you say, and they have had a remarkable effect on him. He studied carefully my translations and asked for greater and greater detail, not all of which seemed pertinent.

Ivan's conduct was very strange. Yesterday he called the Kremlin and asked permission to attend the special Politburo meeting where Alexander F.'s report on the New York trip would be considered. A few hours later permission was granted, and he received a special *propusk*. When he left he asked me to wait, no matter how late.

Ivan returned this morning about two, pale and haggard. I brought him tea and vodka, and after a bit he revived enough to tell me what went on at the meeting. Knowing you would be interested and that you would not give it to the Hearst press, I am writing you the essence of what occurred.

Everyone was there except X, who is in disgrace for failing to predict that the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact would prevent America from having a depression. Stalin smoked his pipe and doodled. The first order of business was the report of Alexander F. He gave a glowing picture of the great reception in New York and began to describe the cultural achievements of the conference when Stalin said: "Our great writer Dostoevski wrote, 'Down with culture; the thirst for culture is an aristocratic thirst.' We want to know one thing first. Does America want war?"

Alexander F. was confused, since he had no notes on that. Here Ivan boldly asked to speak. Holding his sheaf of clippings from the newspapers and magazines which you sent, he told the Politburo how the conference had been picketed, denounced, renounced, rivaled, ostracized, criticized, etc. He said that from his reading of the American papers and from statements in them by leading American citizens—which had not appeared in *Pravda*, by the way—he gathered that there existed in the United States a state of near hysteria arising out of the preposterous American apprehensions about Russia's warlike intentions. Then, as I got it, the discussion went like this:

Voroshilov: But we do not want war. We cannot fight America.

Molotov: Vishinsky should have briefed us better. I told you it was a mistake to . . .

Stalin: Comrade Ivan, what do you recommend?

Ivan: It is not for me to say. But these reports . . .

Mikoyan: Are you suggesting appeasement?

All: Nyet!

Stalin (brooding): *Poocheymoo nyet?*

Stunned silence, followed by *Malenkov* (softly): Comrade Ivan. What would the Americans have us do? What acts can we possibly initiate that would allay their suspicions?

Ivan (looks at Stalin, who signals he should proceed and then): First, end the Berlin blockade.

Stalin: Well, Molotov?

Molotov: Impossible. The blockade has led to the

RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH is the author of "These Are the Russians."

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air lift, which is, we know, a great propaganda triumph for the Americans. We end the blockade, they stop the air lift, we have a four-power conference on Germany, and it is proposed by the peace-loving Soviet Union that all powers leave Germany. America is not ready for such a step owing to the powerful people's support all over Germany for the great S. E. D. Party. Lifting the blockade will not appease America.

Malenkov

Stalin: How do you know so much?

Molotov: This is from the Brothers Alsop or Gospodin Reston of the New York *Herald Tribune* or *Times*, neither of which is a progressive paper as you know, Joseph Vissarionovich.

Stalin: Next?

Ivan: Withdraw our tanks, planes, troops, and military advisers from Manchuria and China.

Voroshilov: But that is ridiculous. We have none there unless Vasilievsky . . . ?

Bulganin: No troops or tanks or planes in Manchuria or China since 1946. I can give you the exact date.

Stalin: But, comrades, if the Americans *believe* we have forces in China, it is this belief, this state of mind, with which we are forced to deal. Let us announce a complete withdrawal.

Malenkov: Good. Tass will broadcast so the London radio picks it up that Generals Zasulich and Kuropatkin are no longer in the Far East.

Bulganin: My God, Georgey Maximilianovich! They've been gone since 1904.

Stalin: Americans do not read Russian history except when written by White Russians or Soviet refugees, and in 1904 there were none.

Mikoyan: Just a little minute, comrades. If we announce withdrawal of forces from Manchuria and China, that gives credibility to the lies of the yellow press in America.

Stalin: True. Next?

Ivan: Inform the party apparatus in Turkey to stop threatening Turkish democracy.

Stalin: Malenkov? Beria?

Beria: We are out of touch with the party apparatus in Turkey. Membership last month fell below one thousand.

Mikoyan: But Turkey gets Truman Doctrine money.

Stalin: Let us give a party in honor of the Turkish ambassador.

Molotov: Let us examine this question, Comrade Stalin. First this will move the American headline writers to say that we are attempting to influence and pressure the Turks by caviar and vodka and secret diplomacy.

Stalin: Second?

Molotov: The Turkish ambassador is in Ankara for some months' holiday.

Stalin: Next?

Ivan: A work by a Soviet composer, Khachaturian, is a best-selling song in America.

Stalin: This is good propaganda, *nyet*?

Ivan: The song is called "Saber Dance," which gives Americans the impression that all Russians carry swords.

Stalin: Refer this to the All-Union Fine Arts Committee.

Molotov: Cosmopolitanism again.

Stalin: Next?

Ivan: Then there is this matter of Varga, the economist.

Andreyev: What do the Americans mean by interfering in our internal affairs? Most of their books on economics are written by people named Seymour Harris, and there has been no Harris in the American government that I can remember.

Ivan: The American press criticized us for demoting Varga. They say we are ruthless because he lost his job as head of his institute.

Stalin: Neechevo. Varga is not out of a job. As a matter of strict fact, Varga is right.

Molotov: Let me say that if we give Varga his job back the Americans will say we are inconsistent, that our theories have no historical continuity.

Stalin: We will give Varga another job then. Perhaps analyzing the development of new capital investments in Siberia.

Ivan: Siberia?

Kaganovich: What's the matter with Siberia? In 1947 it produced . . .

Ivan: Anyone sent to Siberia . . . Well, in America, comrades, that means in a concentration camp or shot.

Stalin: But Siberia is full of people we have sent there . . .

Mikoyan: To build cities . . .

Malenkov: and the party . . .

Bulganin: and the army . . .

Kosygin: and schools and hospitals.

Ivan: I know, I know, but you do not understand the psychology of the American newspaper reader.

Stalin (his eyes twinkling): Would the comrade propose then that on the basis of American psychology we abolish Siberia? (All laugh.)

Molotov: Any more on foreign policy?

Ivan: There's that cardinal in Hungary.

Molotov: If we step in there we will be interfering with the rights of the Hungarian People's Democracy. The Americans are always saying that we interfere . . .

Malenkov: Any cultural problems?

Ivan (searching through clippings): A few notes, comrades. To please the Americans . . . Shostakovich should not look so frightened. Fadayev should not look so certain. Oh, yes. The newspapers resent the fact that so many Russians discovered so many things before the Americans.

Stalin: Naturally.

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Bulganin: Most of the advances during the Great Patriotic War were made by Russians. It is a well-known fact. Jet planes, radar, dehydrated foods, rockets, DDT. . . .

Ivan: Comrade Bulganin! I strongly advise that we immediately issue a statement to the effect that *Americans* perfected DDT. Not Russians.

Stalin: Why?

Ivan: Look at this translation of a series by the American column writer Deutsch.

Beria: Deutsch? Sounds German.

Stalin (passing papers to Molotov): This we can do. It will not seriously affect Russian morale if we let the Americans think they first made DDT.

Molotov: That is bad psychology, Comrade Stalin. If we say we did *not* invent it, the notorious American journalists like Westbrook Pegler and Walter Pearson and Drew Winchell will charge that we are trying to deceive people.

Stalin: For once, let them be right. It is the policy of the lesser evil. Next?

Ivan: I do not like to mention this, Comrade Stalin, but you have always said we must be realists. Some of the American papers—particularly since the last speech of Churchill (all hiss) have been wondering if the United States should make war or wait until the death of Comrade Stalin. Some argue, and Churchill hinted, that there will be an internal fight here over the succession. Comrade Stalin, may you live forever, but things would be better if you announced your successor now.

Stalin: Why? By your own analysis, Comrade, that would encourage Churchill and his American cronies to make war *now*. Let them go on thinking there will be a fight for power when I am gone.

Molotov: Wasn't it Peter the Great who decreed in 1721 that every Russian ruler had the right to name his own successor?

Stalin: Da. Next?

Ivan: There is still much agitation about the Lysenko affair . . .

Stalin: Next!

Ivan: The cultural purge? Why is Pasternak devoting his time to Shakespeare translations? asks the notorious *New Leader*. . . . What about those bishops in Bulgaria? demands the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Stalin: Our great humanist writer, Tolstoy, truthfully said: "A pair of boots is more important than all your Madonnas and all your refined talk about Shakespeare." Next?

Kaganovich: We don't seem to be getting very far.

Voroshilov: What will please the Americans? We do not want war.

Ivan: Our attacks on the Atlantic Pact excite them. They say it is entirely defensive.

Voroshilov: Josef Vissarionovich, let us apply to join it then.

Molotov: The American Senate would never pass it then. I know Mr. Connally and Mr. Austin. Besides, the Atlantic Pact will cost America billions of dollars that might otherwise extend and expand the Marshall Plan. If we fight the Atlantic Pact . . .

Voroshilov: Viacheslav Mikhailovich, please do not keep using that word *fight* all the time.

Shvernik (who has not spoken): Perhaps, Comrade Ivan, there is something which we do that the American press and State Department *like*. Perhaps we can do it more often and more enthusiastically?

Ivan (fumbling through his translations): I seem to recall something very important. Oh, yes, it has to do with foreign policy . . .

Molotov: I told you I wasn't sure about Vishinsky . . .

Stalin: What do the Americans like?

Ivan: Our attacks on Marshal Tito. That reassures them.

Stalin: Comrades, we have overfulfilled our time for this undialectic argument. Let us adjourn and meet again when we have decoded Malik's cable on his talks with that professor, Jessup, about the German question. Unless we do something dramatic, the Americans will not give our viewpoint a real show in their press. Unless . . .

Molotov: Unless what, Comrade Stalin?

Ivan said that at that point Stalin abruptly got up and left the conference room. The others were in an undecided state. They adjourned the meeting and sent Malenkov, who used to be Stalin's secretary, to see how he was and what he was doing.

I wish you were here now or working regularly as a journalist for a newspaper or a syndicate, preferably Hearst. Because Malenkov told Molotov, who told K., who told Ivan, that Stalin was drafting another letter to an American foreign correspondent. If you write quickly, and ask the right questions, maybe this letter will answer yours.

Mikoyan

In the meantime Ivan seems terribly discouraged about his appeasement plan. The *Evening Moscow* was just brought in by the courier—you remember Galya—and Ivan looked it over quickly. At first he was encouraged because the attacks on Tito were stepped up. But then on the last page he read he had been given an assignment in Sverdlovsk. Since Sverdlovsk happens to be in S——, I hope the American correspondents don't notice it.

What ever happened to that fellow Magidoff and that demanding old friend of yours, Anna Louise Strong? I'll bet they both got good jobs with your State Department or the FBI. Write soon. Love. M—— V——.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

HUMANISM AND THE MIDDLE CLASS*

BY LIONEL TRILLING

OF THE literary men of the great English nineteenth century there are few who have stayed quite so fresh, so immediate, and so relevant as Matthew Arnold. It is not entirely easy to understand why this should be so. For, as we usually judge power, Arnold is not the most powerful of his contemporaries —he does not make anything like, say, Carlyle's bold and dramatic claim upon our attention. Nor does he hold his position by reason of a massive and ranging body of work. His poetical canon is relatively small; and of this canon it must be said that some of its most ambitious items are failures, and that although almost every one of Arnold's poems is in some way interesting, only a few are perfect in their kind. Of his more extensive prose works a considerable part, that which deals with religion, is likely to be disregarded by modern readers, not because of its subject but because of its way of dealing with its subject. His writing on literature and politics was carried on in the free moments allowed him by his burdened life as a civil servant, and the larger part of it consists of occasional essays and lectures, forms which do not easily establish their authority.

And then there is but little in Arnold's life-story to lend an extraneous interest to his work. He expressed the wish that no biography of him be written. None has been, and perhaps none can be, for the memorials of his life, either by his own design or by that of his family, are sparse. He had, and declared, the intention of hiding his life. We know of great personal griefs most bravely borne; we know that, admiring gaiety, he was often sad; but we have no sense with him of the kind of tragic stress which marked the lives of so many of his contemporaries. A friend said in praise of Arnold that he had less personality than any man he had ever known: it was not our present sense of the word *personality* that Jowett intended—he meant that there was no impulse in Arnold to make any special claim for himself or to call attention to himself.

All this being so, the fact becomes the more striking that Arnold stands so solidly at the center of his age and is so important there, and, further, that he should be not merely a historically significant figure but a person whose living influence continues for so long a time after his age has become history. As a poet he reaches us not more powerfully but, we sometimes feel, more intimately than any other. As a critic he provided us with the essential terms for our debate in matters of taste and judgment. He established criticism as an intellectual discipline among the people of two nations and set its best tone. Wherever English-speaking people discuss literature as it does its work in the world, literature in its relation to the fate of men and nations, the name of Matthew Arnold appears, not always for agreement but always for reference. And where there is disagreement, the generous-minded will in effect repeat what Gerard Manley Hopkins said in correction of Robert Bridges when the latter made a derogatory remark about Arnold: "I have more reason than you for disagreement with him and thinking him very wrong, but nevertheless I am sure he is a rare genius and a great critic."

If we look for the reason for Arnold's continuing importance, we are not likely to find it in his talents alone, great as these are, but rather in the power of the tradition which he consciously undertook to continue and transmit. For our time, in England and America, Arnold is the great continuator and transmitter of the tradition of humanism.

The definitions of humanism are many, but let us understand it to be the attitude of those men who think it an advantage to live in society, and at that in a complex and highly developed society, and who believe that man fulfils his nature and reaches his proper stature in this circumstance. The personal virtues which humanism cherishes are intelligence, amenity, and tolerance; the particular courage it asks for is that which is exercised in the support of these virtues. The qualities of intelligence which it chiefly prizes are flexibility and modulation.

The aspects of society that humanism most exalts are justice and continuity. That is why humanism is always being presented with a contradiction. For when it speaks of justice it holds that the human condition is absolute; yet when it speaks of continuity it implies that society is not absolute but pragmatic and even anomalous. Its intelligence dictates the removal of all that is anomalous; yet its ideal of social continuity is validated by its perception that the effort to destroy anomaly out of hand will probably bring new and even worse anomalies, the nature of man being what it is. Its impulse to say "Let justice be done though the heavens fall" is balanced by its awareness of the likelihood that, after the heavens have fallen, justice will not ever be done again. Hence the humanistic belief, often delusive, that society can change itself gradually by taking thought and revising sensibility.

Hence too, of course, the humanistic valuation, possibly over-valuation, of discourse and letters. Nothing is more characteristic of Arnold as humanist than his almost primitive belief in "wisdom." The written phrase that enshrined the discovered truth was almost magical to him. He kept pocket diaries in which for each week he wrote down someone's formulated truth, on which he—it is hard for us to understand this

*This is a section, somewhat altered, of the Introduction to "The Portable Matthew Arnold," to be published by the Viking Press on June 24.

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—meditated. Such was his belief in the power of thought, in the strength of the human continuity, in the possibility of the continuity of mind.

Of Arnold's humanism we must observe that it was active and not passive, that it was never a mere attitude, as humanism can all too easily become—as, for example, when it sets itself up genteelly, as once it used to do, in the English departments of American universities. Arnold's humanism was never abstract, nor content with fighting a rearguard action. It carried its ark into battle and tested itself in the squabbles of the market-place, even while it said that squabbles and market-places did not encourage wisdom. It did what any idea must do: it looked to justification by results and took its chances with history. That is why Arnold must have for us something of the character of what we nowadays have taken to calling a "culture hero": that is, a man who gives himself up in full submission to his historical moment in order to comprehend and control the elements which that moment brings. (As in tragic literature, as in general life, so in the life of the intellect the heroic status does not depend upon the hero's material and effective success.)

This identification with a great tradition will perhaps account for Arnold's continuing interest, will explain why he, the least monumental of men, stands before us with a kind of monumental endurance and clearness. And yet anyone who has any sensitivity at all to the temper of our own time and who yet undertakes to bring Arnold again to public notice at this moment, must experience at least one qualm of diffidence. If Arnold is established by his continuation and transmission of a great tradition, still we must see that our intellectual and emotional temper is now anything but cordial to humanism—has not, really, been cordial to humanism for some decades.

HUMANISM in modern Europe has long been identified with the bourgeoisie. Arnold himself made that identification in the sense that it was particularly to the middle class that he wanted to transmit the humanist tradition. He believed that the great intellectual work to be done in his time was with the middle class. This belief did not arise from any great admiration for this class, which, indeed, filled him with despair and which he treated mercilessly. But he thought that the middle class would take the leadership in the next great events of culture and politics and he wished to reform and enlighten it for the right performance of its historical role. The whole intention of Arnold's criticism was to increase the consciousness and imagination of this class, to give it a sense of the way the world goes and should go.

Yet the middle class, where nowadays it exists at all—and on the continent of Europe it has probably ceased to exist in the historic sense—is not likely to respond to the humanist ideal. To be flexible and various in mind can scarcely be thought to be a present ideal of the democratic bourgeoisie. Tocqueville has set forth the reasons why democratic thought is not easily flexible and various, why, indeed, it is likely to become set and monolithic, and in the end stand in danger of being easily dominated. And even when the democratic bourgeoisie becomes dissatisfied with its own cultural condition, it is not nowadays inclined to make its protest in the name of humanism. For some decades now, that part of the middle class which protests has been losing its love of society, which, as it feels, has betrayed it. We have all in some degree become anarchistic. Sometimes the anarchism takes the form of admiration of or acquiescence in extreme forms of authoritarianism; a large part of the intellectual, liberal bourgeoisie no longer dislikes authoritarianism if only it is not called by its right name. More often our anarchism takes the more diffused form of disgust with the very idea of society. On the upper levels of our taste this disgust is expressed for us by Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Kafka, and Céline; on a lower level of taste by the details of our middle-grade fiction; and we can of course see the continuation of this taste for disgust in the popular and commercial art of our time.

Disgust is expressed by violence, and it is to be noted of our intellectual temper that violence is a quality which is felt to have a peculiar intellectual sanction. Our preference, even as articulated by those who are most mild in their persons, is increasingly for the absolute and extreme, of which we feel

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violence to be the true sign. The gentlest of us will know that the tigers of wrath are to be preferred to the horses of instruction and will consider it an intellectual cowardice to take into account what happens to those who ride tigers. It is apposite that a book club which undertakes to protect its members from sordid novels should nevertheless advertise itself as not intending to purvey mere "sweetness and light," using the phrase which has come to be identified with Arnold and which has always been used as a stick with which to beat him, although indeed the phrase is not Arnold's at all but was borrowed by him from Jonathan Swift.

Swift is much in point here, for Swift had all the disgust and violence which we nowadays admire. They came to him, I believe, in a harder way than they come to our contemporary heroes of the spirit—his was a harder soul than theirs, more masculine, more resistant; he speaks from a larger, firmer, more specific experience of the world; he fought his madness and did not love it, feared it and did not make it a shamanistic distinction; he experienced disgust—no man more—but he cherished his indignation, thus affirming his sense of the attainable order of society, the loss of which had engendered his disgust, and he affirmed his connection with a type of humanity which, on the evidence of certain spirits of the past, he believed to be possible. All this makes Swift's expression of revulsion from human life and society far more worthy of notice than any recent expression of the same judgment.

And what in effect is the reason for Swift's disgust with mankind, the reason he everywhere implies? Is it not the refusal of men to live by the virtues of humanism, to live reasonably in society, to seek order, to furnish themselves with, in Swift's own words, "the two noblest of things, sweetness and light"? The extremity of our own situation has led us to love extremity in ourselves, for men tend to adopt the nature of whatever overawes and oppresses them. But as Arnold says, "one gains nothing on the darkness by being . . . as incoherent as the darkness itself"—one gains nothing on the catastrophe by being as violent as the catastrophe itself. Arnold spoke quietly, and as if to his near equals, and without wrath: is it some deep ineradicable childishness in us, some recollection of the authenticity of the father's anger, that we prefer not to listen unless we are spoken to in wrath and that we do not believe what does not humiliate us?

Paris in the Spring

BY ANTHONY BOWER

New York–Paris

THE boat is big and British and just as it pulls out of New York harbor—twelve hours late—the alarm bell rings for lifeboat drill. Except for a tiny group of recalcitrants, all the passengers give up the skyline and the Statue of Liberty and jostle half-heartedly down to the bowels of the ship; they reappear on deck festooned with life belts just in time to be dismissed again. Once beyond the sight of shore, complete discipline is soon established, and everyone begins to queue, with the greatest docility, for all kinds of things which could just as well be sought at leisure—for documents, for meals, for stamps, for the movies, and simply for fun. True, this is tourist class, but even taking into account the minimal fare, it is hard to recognize the necessity of being awakened every morning at six-thirty by the steward when no one in the cabin has to go to breakfast before nine, and one jumps to the rather sour conclusion that our overseas cousins, having found in wartime regulations the supreme expression of the national character, are being rather self-indulgent. Luckily there are two American painters on board whose medium is egg tempera and who announce that they will not paint during the six months that they intend to stay in Italy because there are no iceboxes in that laggard country—an attitude which would have delayed the Renaissance about four hundred years and which readjusts the delicate balance of one's internationalism.

PARIS is in the throes of that lyrical expression of spring of which it alone is capable: the trees are swathed in a miraculous golden-green gauze, private cars and taxis—obviously the very ones that saved the city at the Battle of the Marne in 1915—dash up and down the Champs Elysées shrieking with their brakes and with their klaxons,

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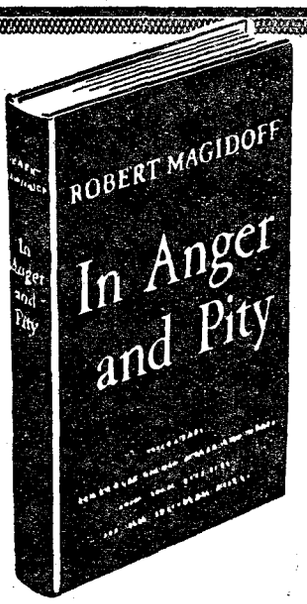
the cafes are overflowing, and for one moment of wild exhilaration you imagine you are back in the pre-war City of Light, a sensation that lasts as long as you can sustain it unassisted and stave off the realization, not altogether unexpected but unexpectedly distressing, of the profound seriousness, almost melancholy, of the place and of the utter change of mood since the last gay flare-up of the liberation.

The American colony—now in undisputed possession of the Cafes Flores and Deux Magots, whence they have driven the existentialists almost to the man, but not the last woman; Simone de Beauvoir is still firmly writing at a table in the extreme interior of the Deux Magots—is the first indication of change. Not a trace of the between-wars expatriate world, that strange blend of blatant expenditure, bohemianism, wild living in search of experience, and intellectual experiment that threw up such figures as Ernest Hemingway, Henry Miller, and Djuna Barnes; instead a grimly determined contingent who have imported Greenwich Village practically intact. Roughly they can be divided into two distinct groups—the anti- and the pro-French culture. The former, mostly painters who, it seems, have suffered at home from a deep inferiority in relation to French painting, have succeeded in completely reversing that situation. They express, to their great satisfaction, a profound contempt for all contemporary French artists—with the obvious exceptions—and also complain incessantly about the plumbing, the lack of milk, and the indifference of Parisians to bathing; moreover, in that they have hardly bothered to learn the language, they pronounce French literature unreadable. The latter, mostly writers, have embraced France with such violence as almost to choke it to death. They eat inadequate meals at "amusing" bistros and can be recognized by their clay-like pallor. Their firm conviction is that hardly a readable word has been written in any other language but French, and in bleak, unheated Left Bank hotel bedrooms they write self-analyses in novel form. Whether either group is extracting the best that can be had from contemporary France should very soon be clear.

That the writers' attitude toward French writing is exaggerated does not need to be said—but how exaggerated it is, is difficult to determine. The increasing sense of personal political responsibility among French writers does not seem to be altogether beneficial. The marvelously united world of French letters, whose predominant and most salutary characteristic has been the easy communication of ideas, is being violently split by political differences of opinion and the virtual refusal of one half of the literary world to speak to the other.

The absolute dividing line lies between those who believe that Russia and the Western powers can reach an agreement and those who are certain that they cannot. But there are endless gradations on both sides, from total rejection of the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Pact to a desire that the United States should drop an atom bomb on Moscow at once. Apart from the breaking up of the writers' community, all this has resulted in a certain amount of harm to the individual product. The more Gaullist André Malraux becomes the less productive he is, and Paul Eluard seems to have stifled a delightful talent in the bosom of the Communist Party. (Incidentally, the fact that he was refused a visa to come to the United States to attend the Congress for World Peace has enraged *all* shades of French public opinion as being utterly illogical in view of the fact that party members straight from Russia were allowed to come.) Sartre, whose production is still fantastic—he has just finished another novel—probably has to write too fast in view of his active involvement, and Camus, who is surely best when engaged more directly with the individual, has been compelled to step more and more into the arena, first with "La Peste," then with "L'Etat de Siège," a play which folded with alacrity, and now with another play "La Corde" (to do with a plot against the Czar's life in 1905), the success of which cannot be judged until it is produced in the autumn. The only good writer to stand steadily aloof is Maurice Blanchot, two of whose books appeared last year ("L'Arrêt de Mort" and "Le Très-Haut") and who seems to be steadily developing and broadening a talent that began by being somewhat over esoteric.

Really it is the Catholics who seem to be coming off best in the present situation. The plays of Henri de Monther-



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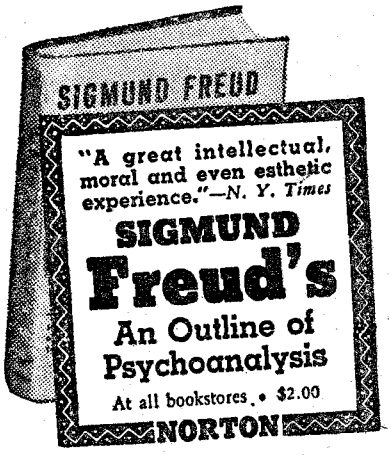

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lant and of Paul Claudel are generally recognized as the literary and dramatic events of the last few months. Paul Claudel's "Le Partage de Midi," a highly involved, argumentative, intensely erotic (on the highest philosophical level), and difficult play about the conflict between the flesh and the spirit, is a great popular success at the moment, and Montherlant's "Le Maître de Santiago," an equally difficult Catholic drama, has been playing on and off for over a year. They are in fact the only successful playwrights on the plane of the *théâtre d'idées;* Genêt, the only other writer to attempt to broach that level this season, having failed dismally with a play about prison life—"Haute Surveillance"—which expressed, in *argot,* what seemed to be a very unimportant message based on the hierarchy of prison life and the worship of the strong.

Hawthorne Restored

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Mark Van Doren. The American Men of Letters Series. William Sloane Associates. $3.50.

HAVING recently read through most of the Hawthorne biographies, I have been oddly pleased to see how often one can respond with pleasure to the story of his life. Regardless of the biographer's skill in the telling, one is repeatedly moved by that story—Hawthorne's loneliness and failure to communicate with his intellectual contemporaries; his long years of preparatory isolation; his wanderings through England and Italy; his multi-dimensional existence as political crony of Franklin Pierce, social reporter in his Notebooks, and author of "The Scarlet Letter"; his superb commitment, at once total and modest, to his art. He is not yet the "modern artist"—what would he have made of Baudelaire and Joyce?—but is coming close to him. And he intrigues one because he seems to have sprung out of nowhere, a solitary vine struggling to wedge through the New England crags to the spaciousness of art.

At present Hawthorne may possibly be lost to the modern reader, for he has been too thoroughly absorbed into, and domesticated by, our tradition. During the twenties he was reduced by gushy biographers to a kind of pulpy Byronism; today he is being converted into a buoyant, aggressively "normal" citizen without a deviant or diseased thought in his mind. Though Hawthorne has received the best criticism of any American novelist (by James, Lawrence, Woodberry, Arvin, Winters, Rahv, and others), there is need for two kinds of restatement—a serious biography that will restore him *as an artist,* and a sustained examination of the themes and values in his work. The first of these is accomplished brilliantly in Mark Van Doren's book.

I suspect, without justification, I hope, that Van Doren's book will not receive its due in the more serious journals: it is the kind of biography that can easily be dismissed as "impressionistic." That term usually evokes an image of a tweedy Englishman giving literature the light once-over, and we are right to dislike it. But we should not succumb to the contrary provincialism of thinking that all criticism must be formal, textual, and full-scale. There is room for a more casual approach (E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf), the criticism that suggests and portrays rather than dissects and analyzes. Of this latter kind Van Doren's book is a splendid example.

What Van Doren has done is to restore Hawthorne to his central role as a serious artist who was neither the moon-calf nor the bourgeois his biographers have made of him. Van Doren has rightly concentrated his attention on the Hawthorne who felt throughout his life the weight of an insupportable but inescapable isolation; who speculated in "The Blithedale Romance" on the relation between sex and politics; who created Hester Prynne as a living creature superior to the codes that doomed her to, or would retrospectively exonerate her from, the scarlet A; who wrote in "The Marble Faun" of "those dark caverns into which all men must descend, if they would know anything beneath the surface and illusive pleasures of existence." This is a Hawthorne of moral speculation, of alternately contained and released imagination, of the deepest passion ever realized in one American novel—an imposing and ultimately tragic figure who in Van Doren's book is again restored to the general reader.

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I find myself admiring and trying to discover the "secrets" of Van Doren's canny craftsmanship, by means of which he shifts subtly from biographical narrative to critical comment, the two neatly blended. What emerges from Van Doren's book is not a theory about the man or the work but a portrait of the two in relation to each other. This is a method that can easily be abused, but Van Doren disciplines himself by several controls: he frequently checks his judgment against that of Henry James, still the best Hawthorne critic; he knows that the ultimate issue of any critical biography must be a renewed feeling for the novelist's work; and he himself writes graceful and lovely prose that only occasionally goes soft. (Here is an example of that prose, a remark on Hawthorne's letters to his wife: "Thus runs, or races, this unique correspondence, now in, now out of earnestness, yet never out of ecstasy.")

But this method, like all methods, exacts a price from the biographer. It prevents that ultimate concentration of the analytical mind, that undercutting of literary materials to reach the core of insight which one always hopes to find in criticism. Thus Newton Arvin's biography of Hawthorne is, as a portrait, less controlled and restrained than Van Doren's but has the advantage of being organized around a dominating, thoroughly sustained point of view. Van Doren leaves one with a *sense* of Hawthorne and his work, but hardly with a compassing idea about them. There are plenty of critical observations in his book, and all the important themes noticed by Hawthorne critics are there—his long quest for spiritual community, his conflict between intellectual skepticism and emotional involvement when confronted by his New England past, his failure when drawing on experience and his success when shafting into imagination, his preoccupation with women of passion, the "dark ladies." But Van Doren does not work these themes sufficiently. His book might have profited from a final analytical chapter in which all his useful remarks would have been picked up and merged into a view of Hawthorne the writer.

In themselves, however, most of the critical paragraphs and pages are very fine. Van Doren is particularly good on "The Scarlet Letter"—a chapter in which, curiously, his writing rises in intensity and concentration over the rest of his book somewhat like Hawthorne's own writing in the novel. I would dissent only from his depreciation of "The Blithedale Romance," a fascinating though highly imperfect novel. No biographer or critic has yet satisfactorily examined Hawthorne's participation in Brook Farm or the book that is partly its issue. For one who, like Van Doren, is interested in the most intimate correlations between the life and the work, that should be a particularly important subject. Why did the skeptical Hawthorne join the reformers? What is his intricate, puzzling meaning in the tie between politics and distended sexuality in "The Blithedale Romance"? What is the meaning of his self-portrait in that novel as a prying weakling, unable to thrust out for the experience he desires?

But if Van Doren has paid a price for his achievement, it is, certainly this once, well worth paying. As criticism his book is not so thorough or brilliant

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as those of other Hawthorne analysts, but within its scope it comes as close as a critical biography can come to being a work of art. IRVING HOWE

Diplomat's Diary

THE FATEFUL YEARS. By André François-Poncet. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

ANDRE FRANCOIS-PONCET was French Ambassador in Berlin from 1931 until 1938, when he was transferred to Rome. He had unique qualifications: a practical politician—a deputy, a cabinet member—he was also an accomplished scholar and a trained economist. He could speak German, and was not immured in the artificial, self-contained diplomatic world. He was free from any psychosis, either bellicose or pacifist. We must add that, while he deluged his department with reports, he never was allowed any initiative, and never was consulted.

He gives us, not his personal memoirs, not even his reflections, but his testimony. His contribution is of far greater interest than Dodd's diary; for Dodd, an able man and scrupulously honest, remained resolutely aloof from a regime he hated and despised; a fine stand for a moralist but a handicap for a diplomat or a historian. Nevile Henderson's record of failure is an unwilling admission of gullibility.

The book is the most lucid, the most impartial, the most convincing brief history of these stormy years that I have come across. It is free from vituperation and mere gossip. There are no sensational revelations, and there is no melodrama. The growing sense of doom does not need to be stressed. We feel, in the subdued narrative, the great discords of pride and despair which were to seek their resolution in blind fanaticism and catastrophe. Nihilism was an abyss, a last refuge, never the goal. The tragedy of those years was that no one helped Germany understand herself. The Allies and America were blind, and could not lead. What they needed was an aim beyond their immediate interests, beyond their material victory of 1918, beyond their pride as "great powers." But they were realistic; they resisted or yielded, capriciously, in defiance of every principle. They were alternately soft and tough, but never firm.

The chief value of the book is found in the long gallery of masterly portraits. Brüning's is finely shaded. François-Poncet liked and admired him; he could see the drama of a clear mind immersed in confusion, of a pious soul compelled to equivocate. The picture of Göring is brilliant, and not devoid of sympathy. The central problem, of course, is offered by Hitler; and Hitler remains an enigma.

François-Poncet was struck from the first with the vulgarity of Hitler's features, the insignificance of his face. We are apt to think that great events need or make great men. Nothing of the kind: low cunning remains low, even on an enormous scale; and the fool who starts a gigantic forest fire does not become a giant. Hitler catalyzed what was worst in Germany; but that worst was served by the best, which Hitler did not create.

> A Hitler [he says] cannot be confirmed within a simple formula. For my part I knew three facets of his personality. . . . His first aspect was one of pallor; his jumbled complexion and vague globular eyes, lost in a dream, lent him an absent, faraway air, the troubled and troubling face of a medium or somnambulist. The second aspect was animated, colored, swept away by passion. His nostrils would twitch, his eyes dart lightning; he was all violence, impatience of control, lust for domination, abomination of his antagonists, cynical boldness, with a fierce energy ready at no provocation to pull the universe about his ears. Then his "storm and assault" face was the face of a lunatic. Hitler's third aspect was that of any naive, rustic man, dull, vulgar, easily amused, laughing boisterously as he slapped his thigh; a commonplace face without any distinguishing mark, a face like thousands of other faces spread over the face of the earth.

If ever there was a case of possession, it was Hitler himself, and Germany under Hitler. But how can we hope for a cure, when sane, clear-minded men, themselves the victims of that very demon, will sing the praise of the daimonic, like Stefan Zweig and Thomas Mann? As though yielding to the dark forces were a proof of power! François-Poncet is free from this defeatism of reason. But he is so objective that in his pitiless study you can descry the first lineaments of a Hitler legend. If the racial, the national myths survive, Hitler will revive (not to mention that he was the first to proclaim the Truman Doctrine).

"The Fateful Years," admirably written, with fine descriptions as well as portraits, is excellently translated by Jacques Le Clercq. Two minor complaints: *candeur* is not candor: it means naivete rather than plain speaking. And a work of this nature demands an index.

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Words and Meanings

THE LANGUAGE OF WISDOM AND FOLLY. Edited and with an Introduction by Irving J. Lee. Harper and Brothers. $4.

MAN is the only animal that thinks in abstract terms. He can do this because he talks. Without language he could not deal in ideas, classes, abstractions, and he would think little better than a smart monkey.

A great deal of our thinking, however, is shot through with logical inconsistencies, confusion of facts with inferences, failure to distinguish between words and things, spurious identifications, the spirited pursuit of meaningless questions, and confused levels of abstraction—to name a few of the more familiar difficulties. When Shaw observed that we use reason only to support our prejudices, he was uttering at least a poetic truth.

The unfortunate result is that the human organism often fails to receive a true report of what is really going on out there in the space-time world, and its action accordingly may be wild and random. It is like trying to drive to Maine by a badly twisted map; you might land in the Adirondacks, or the Great Smokies.

With false reports and inaccurate maps to guide us, people get into all kinds of rows, miseries, wars, scrapes, crises, breakdowns, which with better information might be avoided. "Semantics" is the name for a new discipline that is trying to construct better maps. It analyzes language—signs and symbols, how a child first learns to talk, etc.—in an attempt to find the meanings behind the words. It tries to analyze the whole communication process.

If Jones and Robinson attach different meanings to a given term, the communication line between them is broken. They hear a noise, but no comprehension comes through. Semanticists find few broken lines when Jones and Robinson are talking about "that old Ford there," or "this leaky fountain pen of mine," but plenty of ruptures, often accompanied by sparks, when they discuss "free enterprise," "the New Deal," "Wall Street," "communism," "fascism," "big business," "bureaucrats," "Jews," "aid to Europe," "socialized medicine," and "imperialism." The Ford and the fountain pen are things you can see and touch, but the other terms are high-order abstractions, most of which a camera could not find at all.

Progress is being made. It is hard to pick up a newspaper or magazine these days without finding "semantics" referred to—though not always accurately. More than twenty colleges now give courses in the discipline. Moscow has put the whole subject on the Index, with a weighty polemic in the *Bolshevik* for August, 1947, in which your reviewer is singled out for a particularly hot section of the Communist hell.

Elsewhere the literature of semantics is growing fast. It now includes a quarterly, *ETC,* edited by S. I. Hayakawa, whose "Language in Action" was a book-of-the-month. In short, semantics has arrived, to the point where even Congressmen are likely to hear of it.

Professor Irving Lee teaches semantics to large classes at Northwestern University. He has taken time off to select this book of readings. Very few of the pieces were written about semantics as such; rather they are like a seedbed out of which the discipline grew. Long before there was such a study, intelligent men and women were aware of pitfalls in the words they used, and were looking for ways to climb out of the pitfalls. Thus we find selections from Locke, Pascal, Jevons, William James, LeBon, Frazer, along with Korzybski, Carnap, Keyser, Whorf.

Here is a wonderful and moving account by Helen Keller of how she first realized that everything her blind hands touched had a name. Up to the age of seven, she had no language at all. All at once it came, like a tropical sunrise. Here is Gertrude Stein on the language of poetry; Veblen on classic speech; Stefansson on "knowledge by definition"—a lovely piece; Percy Bridgman on meaningless questions; George Boas on statistical thinking. One of my special favorites is Elton Mayo on "two kinds of knowledge."

I do not recommend these readings as a beginner's course in semantics. The beginner must take the course elsewhere. Then the book will serve to reinforce what he has learned and give it a rich background. To a reader already familiar with the subject it offers new perspectives and hours of enjoyment.

STUART CHASE

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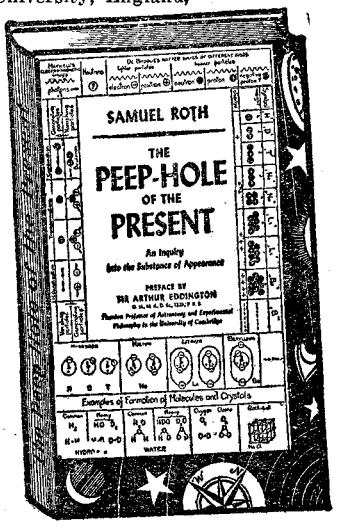
is that, living at the bottom of the atmosphere, we are at the center, not as we thought at the top, of the earth. As the Greeks believed, creation stems from us. The stars, suns, planets, and all other heavenly phenomena constitute the earth's electronic accompaniment, each performing organic functions in it, and in our lives, as vital as those of our eyes, hands, and hearts.

In his reordering of the new facts of physics, prefaced by the late Sir Arthur Eddington, of Cambridge University, England,



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"Unspotted of the World"

DRY MESSIAH, The Life of Bishop James Cannon, Jr. By Virginius Dabney. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

NO SPECTACLE is more pleasing to the unregenerate than the fall from grace of a professional holy man. We can imagine with what glee the rowdier elements among the first settlers of Georgia watched the departure from their shores of John Wesley after doubts had been expressed about the propriety of the attempts of the founder of Methodism to convert an unchaperoned and charming colonial dame, when the two were stranded over night on a lonely island. The trial of Henry Ward Beecher on the Tilton charges that the eminent divine had been unduly attentive to Mrs. Tilton kept newspaper readers of the seventies joyously agog. In our times the various trials, civil and ecclesiastic, and the investigations into the food hoarding, stock gambling, and extra-marital activities of James Cannon, Jr., Methodist bishop and dynamic chairman of the legislative committee of the Anti-Saloon League, brought joy to the hearts of the enemies of Prohibition and contributed mightily to eventual repeal of the "noble experiment."

Virginius Dabney, outstanding Southern liberal, editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and winner of the Pulitzer prize for editorial writing in 1948, picked a "natural" when he chose Bishop Cannon as the subject for this rather long-winded biography. Mr. Dabney makes a needless pother in presenting his book as a sociological study of one of the most powerful clerical politicians of his day. The author tells us that he has "pursued the study of Cannon's career since 1929" and gives evidence in every chapter that here is a work of heartfelt hate, entered into with gusto and completed with somewhat complacent malignity. The reader has the uneasy feeling that the author is often beating a dead horse, but Mr. Dabney insists that while the wiry body of the militant dry was laid to rest in 1944, his prohibitory soul goes marching on, and that the political shenanigans of the Bishop are being repeated by the epigones in the Temperance League of America. The author intimates that the biography should serve as a warning that now is the time for all good tipplers and true to come to the defense of their cocktail parties, before the present bit-by-bit drying up of our outlying localities takes on nation-wide proportions, as was the case with the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Dabney points to the unostentatiously successful labors against the vineyards on the part of Dr. Deets Pickett of the Temperance League and the results of recent dry victories in local-option elections as indications of the imminence of another great drought, and makes the worried observation that at the start of his career no one took Cannon seriously, except of course the Bishop himself and many millions of his obscure followers, mopping up in the hinterlands.

Strangely enough, coming as it does from the typewriter of a most distinguished editor, the chief defect of "Dry Messiah" is a lack of editing. The story of the Bishop's fall tells itself without any need for Mr. Dabney's obiter dicta, which are frequently as verbose and boring as Cannon's elaborate defenses. It seems that the reportorial staff of Cannon's dry newspaper, the *Virginian*, got as drunk as reporters in the movies. Most readers will get the point on the first telling, but the author keeps reverting to this rather obvious effect of a daily do-good diet on the constitution of an average newspaperman. The Bishop's eloquent denunciation of all forms of gambling did not prevent Cannon from taking speculative fliers with a notorious Wall Street bucket-shop. All the complicated details of those transactions as set forth in various investigations from which Cannon emerged technically innocent at any rate—"Unspotted of the World," as the defendant put it in his famous apologia—are dwelt upon at almost unctuous length. Again, though technically innocent of violation of wartime prohibitions against food hoarding, it seems that the Bishop stashed away vast quantities of flour just before the anti-hoarding act went into effect. Again and yet again that flour crops up. The secret hearings held by his church's hierarchy on the charges of adultery brought against the Bishop are voluminously reported, though here once more the Bishop gained a technical victory inasmuch as no open trial was ever held.

Mr. Dabney's obvious animus and his heavy-handed attempts at Menckenese irony tend to divert the reader's interest from what is really an amazing story of the life of a fanatic who like so many of his kind believed that the end he sought justified any means, no matter how dubious. The ultimate fall of the Bishop after the spectacular triumph of Prohibition came more from his shady political maneuverings in line with his philosophy of end and means than from any moral delinquencies, titillating as these were to the irreverent.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

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Fiction in Review

AFTER a poor start, whose shallow and mechanical humor seems designed to capture an easy audience, Howard Nemerov's "The Melodramatists" (Random House, $3) develops into a considerable first novel—literate and entertaining, with a nice satiric barb. The chief objects of its attack are the church and psychiatry, those two therapies most generally prescribed for the ailing modern soul. Claire and Susan Boyne of Boston are the suffering heroines of Mr. Nemerov's book, and ailing souls indeed; the former's attachment to Rome and the latter's to Vienna turn out to achieve for neither of them the stability and security she seeks. When the novel ends with Susan dead and Claire working out a classical fugue on the harpsichord amid the debris of a sexual brawl which is the result of a religious effort to transform the Boyne home into a refuge for prostitutes, we gather that Mr. Nemerov means us to understand that his own happy principle of harmonious living is an acceptance of reality in all its confusion, the will to find order without authority.

"The Melodramatists" makes no pretension to major literary stature, but it does have a major interest: I know no better index to our immediately contemporary culture—or at least to that section of it which is consciously devoted to ideas. Everything it includes and excludes makes it a most precise post-war document—and this despite its being set in the period of 1940-41, so that it takes no cognizance of America at war. Thus, where a Boston novel of even a decade ago would have been centrally concerned with the class structure of Boston society, "The Melodramatists" scarcely recognizes even the heritage of class feeling in its well-placed Boyne family. Or where a novel of twenty years ago would have strung the dilemma of two such youthful heroines on the strong line connecting children and parents, and a novel of ten years ago would have wanted its parental figures in the forefront of the story if only as persons of affectionately outrageous fancy, Mr. Nemerov's novel casts its mother and father into a quick and almost total outer darkness—the Boyne offspring have the slimmest of fiduciary ties with their mad father and vaporous mother, both incarcerated in an expensive Virginia rest home. Or where a novel of the '30's would surely have offered its troubled young people the choice, not between the individualistic principle of psychiatry and the selflessness of the church, but between capitalistic individualism and the selflessness of communism, there is not the mention of a possible political salvation in Mr. Nemerov's book. Or where a novel of five years ago must have resolved its personal conflicts in terms of the new world war, Mr. Nemerov, as I say, deliberately dates his story before Pearl Harbor, and he introduces even the European war as merely a convenient shadow into which the inconsequential brother of Susan and Claire can escape from full participation in the narrative.

These are all, I think, meaningful evidences of cultural change. But perhaps they are of less intellectual moment than Mr. Nemerov's strictly contemporary attitude toward psychiatry.

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The practitioner of the dark sciences of the mind in "The Melodramatists" is a Dr. Einman; his unsavory counterpart appears in every third novel one picks up these days. Dr. Einman is the villain-father, the seeming strength who is discovered to be the very symbol of weakness and disintegration, the guardian of the sexual secret who is himself disclosed as the dirty little boy of sexuality. The medicine he dispenses, though presumably derived from Freud, is, of course, pure charlatanry, with no relation whatsoever either to Freudianism or any other school of legitimate psychiatric thought. In "serious" fiction it is the Dr. Einman who pushes a precarious sanity beyond the point of balance; in more frankly commercial fiction the Dr. Einman is likely to compound his lecheries with murder. Here, in other words, is the devil of modern literature. The frequency with which he is raised makes one wonder if, in some dim way, we are so much interested in Satan because we are so much interested in God.

The fact that Mr. Nemerov, who otherwise gives so much indication of intelligence, has this Satanic view of psychiatry suggests how compelling the notion is. Actually, it has become as much a cliché of our literature of morality as the idea that moral courage and sexual potency are inevitably linked. But I think it grievously weakens his novel, as it has weakened every novel in which it has appeared—necessarily, since no novel can withstand the domination of so dull and meager a representation of the forces of evil. The talent Mr. Nemerov's writing demonstrates is of a kind which makes us expect he would avoid such lapses from thoughtfulness. His prose shows no analogous lapse from taste.

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Films

MANNY FARBER

THANKS to Rocky Graziano's infamous fame, and the box-office killing made last year by "Body and Soul," the studios have been turning out fight films as fast as they could steal each other's material: though tightly humorless and super-saturated with worn-out morality, they remain pure fantasy in so far as capturing the pulse of the beak-busting trade is concerned. You go to this type of movie expecting to see plenty of good prize-fighting and the atmosphere that surrounds the trade. You come out on the street feeling like a sucker, having been frustrated by a jittery camera man who is always in the wrong place, double-crossed by editing that switches you continually away from the fight, tricked by actors who couldn't fight their way out of a subway rush. These actors, with bodies attuned by years of acting to comfortable, easy, relaxed movement, foolishly try to ape a trade they may have studied for a month, instead of relying on their own imaginations to convey boxing technique. Occasionally an aggressive actor turns up, like Cagney or Mickey Rooney, who loves to act and move in his own way, which results in a style as unique and worth watching as the technique of the average pug.

The scenarios seem to have been written by a gossip columnist—they concentrate on spanking the hero for the un-Christian way he breaks training by smoking, the mean treatment he accords his friends, and, most of all, his crude, ugly approach to women. He goes with disreputable females, mistreats his mother and the girl back home waiting for him; but the fact of the matter is that he, more than any other movie hero, is swamped by a prize collection of boring, freakish women. While the gangster, cowboy, ballplayer are lauded, the boxer is never presented as anything but a bad nickel.

The romanticism of the script is quite restrained compared to the peculiar business that goes on in the ring. Whereas real fighters actually hit each other about one-sixth of the time, the fearless "phenoms" of the cinema are hitting every second—and never anywhere but flush on the chin or in the stomach; in spite of this, the hero is usually looking around the audience for someone he knows. Hatred can propel a fighter who looks like a spent, squashed herring to heights that always surprise his opponent. There are no decisions, fights are never stopped, there are plenty of fouls which the hero is above recognizing even when a blow tears his knee half off; it seems incredible that in-fighters, counter-punchers, "cuties" are never characterized—only one type is presented, a creaking version of the mauling club-fighter.

The two latest fight films, "Champion" and "The Set-up," return to the movie-for-movie's-sake technique of pre-1935 B films, but they are dehumanized by an effort at newsreel realism and a compulsion to grind away at a message. Attempting to describe the sadism of the ring, the directors exaggerate the savagery inherent in prize-fighting, dragging in enough peripheral mayhem to scare the officers of Buchenwald. The basic quality of these scripts seems to be a pure, imaginative delight in the mangling of the human body: tired fighters inhale with the frightful expression that leaves one with the feeling the air is filled with needles rather than oxygen, while outside the arena people are thrown from trains, smacked by canes, bricks, and blackjacks—in "The Set-up" this builds into the overwhelming impression of a nightmare. What results is a double distortion—the effect of over-smearing brutality and the lust for ultra-realism—which strangles the actual movement. The action, mimicking reality, moves too fast to convey its meaning through the medium of the camera; unless realistic pace is transformed into the slower rhythm that movies can handle, it tends to jumble action. The hard, crassly clear photography of "Champion," which aims at spot-lighting reality, actually produces a metallic stage set, while the bitter moral realism which "The Set-up" aims at produces another type of overstatement which has the flavor of lurid melodrama.

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"Champion" is hung on the weariest formula in boxing films—the success story. In the original Ring Lardner version success is only a minor strain in a theme devoted to depicting a morosely malevolent pug; the movie reverses the emphasis so that the hero (Kirk Douglas) exhibits above all things a flagrantly lucky, talented, bewitching adaptation of Hollywood's pet ideal that all amoral, egocentric behavior possesses an endurable charm and fascination. Douglas, as a windmill of activity on the screen, portrays a hard, quartzlike, malevolent show-off, yet maintains a smooth inner serenity. The movie's voltage is chiefly a tinny, quick wit displayed through the virtuosity of Douglas's performance and the director's (Mark Robson) flexibility with the medium. In an unbearably moving death scene, in which the hero throws himself over the moon of emotion, and the camera spills an oatmealish atmosphere around him, the style is a cross between Howard Hawkes and Euripides, the visual details magnificent. Except for this cinematic episode "Champion" pivots on a vaudevillish technique which consists of strategizing scenes to the last detail before the actors go before the camera, thus saving the time and money that go into excessive reshooting. They rely on the self-sufficiency of their characters for movement rather than on expensive movement from locale to locale. Actors appear, as in no other film, loaded with material and perfectly trained. The result is a new aesthetic in which every effect is the $64 one, perfectly executed, and dehumanized.

"The Set-up"—its prize-fighters aren't champions but the derelicts, beginners, old men who fight four-rounders in arenas that have more trash on the floor than seats—is a shocking movie, not only because it is often good but because it is the grimiest, most brutal film in years. Its direction schizophrenically moves from puerile overstatement to its opposite in every scene. The movie's honesty comes from the static performance of Robert Ryan as a thoughtful preliminary fighter one punch away from punch drunk, and the same kind of performance from this fighter's wife, Audrey Totter. Their inflexible, single-track approach to acting is this: don't act, move a muscle, or smile, it looks insincere.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

STRAVINSKY'S "Les Noces" had great impact for me when I first heard it conducted by Stokowski for the League of Composers more than twenty years ago; and it was an effective soundtrack for Bronislava Nijinska's powerful ballet, which the Monte Carlo company performed in 1937 or 8; but I found it monotonous and unmoving when Robert Craft conducted it at a recent concert of his Chamber Art Society. He conducted it very efficiently in his strange and embarrassing-to-look-at style, and produced a clear and strong performance with his vocal soloists (Phyllis Curtin, Eunice Albert, William Hess, William Gephart) and pianists (Robert Cornman, Paul Jacobs, Leonid Hambro, Charles Rosen), the Princeton University Chapel Choir, the Potsdam State Teachers College Choir, Alfred Howard, tympanist, and Juilliard School students for the other percussion instruments.

Stravinsky's Sonata for two pianos—well-played by Mr. Cornman and Mr. Hambro—seemed to me, at first hearing, meager in substance and ineffective, except for an occassional witty stroke, in its use of the devices of other recent works.

The music of William Grant Still for the opera "Troubled Island," which the New York City Opera Company gave its world premiere, wallowed along in the same lush, diffuse, unoriginal, and completely undramatic style as his instrumental music; and I am at a loss to understand what induced the company to waste on this work all that was involved in producing it. The few impressive moments of the occasion were provided by the Haitian dances of Jean Destine, the amusing little ballet arranged by Balanchine, the singing of Oscar Natzke. Helena Bliss, who made her debut in the work, revealed an acidulous voice afflicted with tremolo.

The performance of Verdi's "La Traviata" that I heard at City Center was conducted by Morel in an elegantly French style which robbed the music of its intensity and power; and in that style it was, for lack of rehearsal, executed unprecisely. Frances Yeend, the Violetta, began with a tremolo and without the agility and accuracy demanded by the music of the first act, but sang better as she went along; however, nothing was done in the last act that might have been done with makeup and so on to change a pink and blonde picture of blooming health into something that an audience could be asked to take seriously as a dying victim of tuberculosis. What qualities the management thought Mario Binci had for Alfredo were not disclosed by his singing and acting; but Norman Young's singing as Germont was the best thing in the performance.

In two groups of Schubert songs Uta Graf, at her Town Hall recital, used an agreeable soprano voice of no sensuous beauty with technical security and control in long, subtly inflected phrases that were evidence of fine musical intelligence and taste. The same technical security and musicianship produced an impressive performance of Mozart's bravoura concert aria, *Bella mia fiamma;* but it was in Poulenc's charming "Airs Chantés" and some songs of Hugo Wolf, which brought into play unsuspected gifts of dramatic imagination and animation and projection, that Miss Graf made the conclusive demonstration of her stature and distinctive quality as an artist.

And finally my thanks to Suzanne Bloch and her associates for the de-

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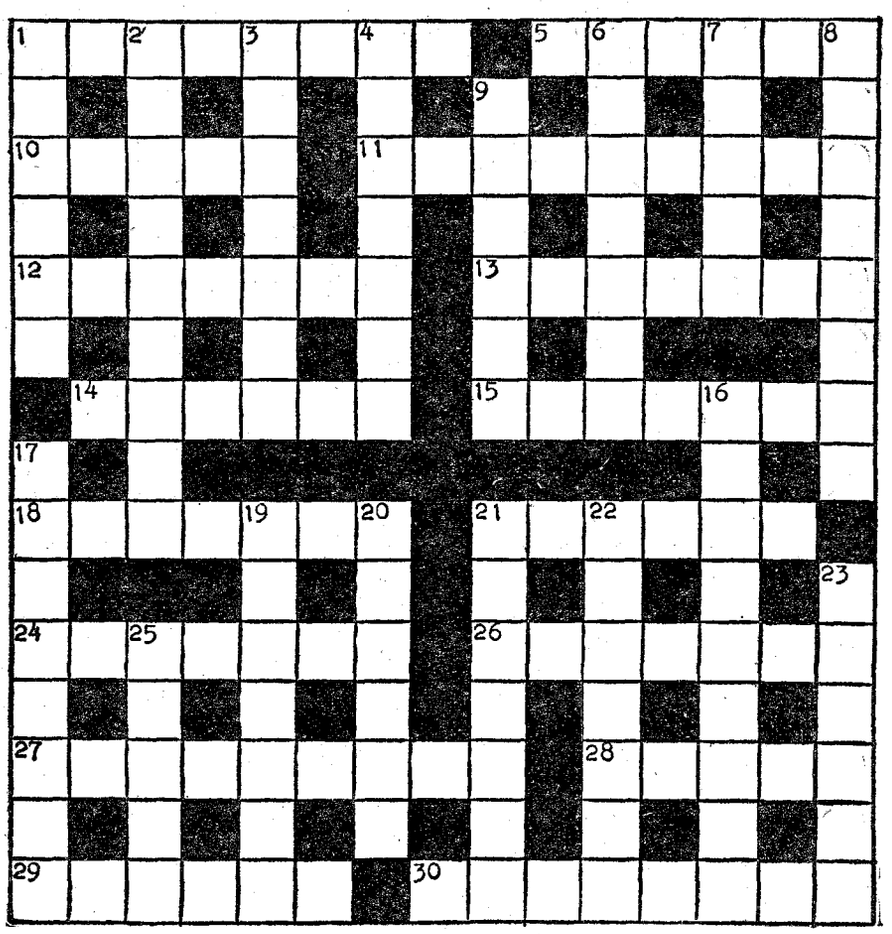
Crossword Puzzle No. 311

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The fleet when fast? (8)
5 Big returns on a gambling investment. (6)
10 Hurry, as in the confusion. (5)
11 What a sailor says instead of "Roger!" on board? (9)
12 The assembly may not approve of its reading, but it almost looks like Brazilian diplomacy. (4, 3)
13 There never seems any point to old lace when one tries to get it through these. (7)
14 Traces things put in with them. (6)
15 The declarer sounds like he makes book. (7)
18 Sweetheart from here is well-known. (7)
21 Make a motion to bring things up. (6)
24 To tend. (7)
26 Assails. (7)
27 Incorrect tuning led to this. (9)
28 The part that is bit? (5)
29 He makes a bare living. (6)
30 Springs on top for the rest (and down with it, perhaps!). (8)

DOWN

1 Perhaps by (but not at) sea. (6)
2 The way of an army scout, as usual! (9)
3 Cow. (7)
4 Fires. (7)
6 Lutheran weapon? (7)
7 It arrests things with shoes, sometimes. (5)
8 and 23. Flint deposits found there. (8, 6)
9 Convention city. (6)
16 Scrambled egg to tree material. (9)
17 Get on after I follow the boundary. (8)
19 These hang by the wall when Dick blows his nail. (7)
20 Checkmate, in this case. (6)
21 Stand up! (7)
22 The force of pennies? (7)
23 See 8.
25 Are such messages sent collect? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 310

ACROSS:—1 VICIOUS CIRCLE; 10 LATIN; 11 DARKROOMS; 12 CONFRERES; 13 LIEGE; 14 AMBIDEXTROUS; 19 DRESSING ROOM; 22 UNION; 24 ASHTABULA; 25 TWENTY-TWO; 26 WEBER; 27 LIGHTNING RODS.

DOWN:—2 INTEND; 3 IGNORAMUS; 4 UNDERSIGN; 5 CERES; 6 RURAL; 7 LAOMEDON; 8 SLACK; 9 ASPERSE; 15 EARTH-BORN; 16 TROJAN WAR; 17 ADJUSTS; 18 BERIBERI; 20 CURBED; 21 TARRY; 23 NOTCH; 24 AFTON.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

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CONTRIBUTORS

LIONEL TRILLING is the author of "Matthew Arnold," which has just been reissued. His latest book is a novel, "The Middle of the Journey."

ANTHONY BOWER, former *Nation* film critic, is traveling in Europe.

IRVING HOWE is coauthor with B. J. Widick of "The U. A. W. and Walter Reuther," to be published in the fall.

ALBERT GUERARD is the author of "France, a Short History" and an autobiography, "Personal Equation."

STUART CHASE is the author of "The Tyranny of Words" and other books.

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